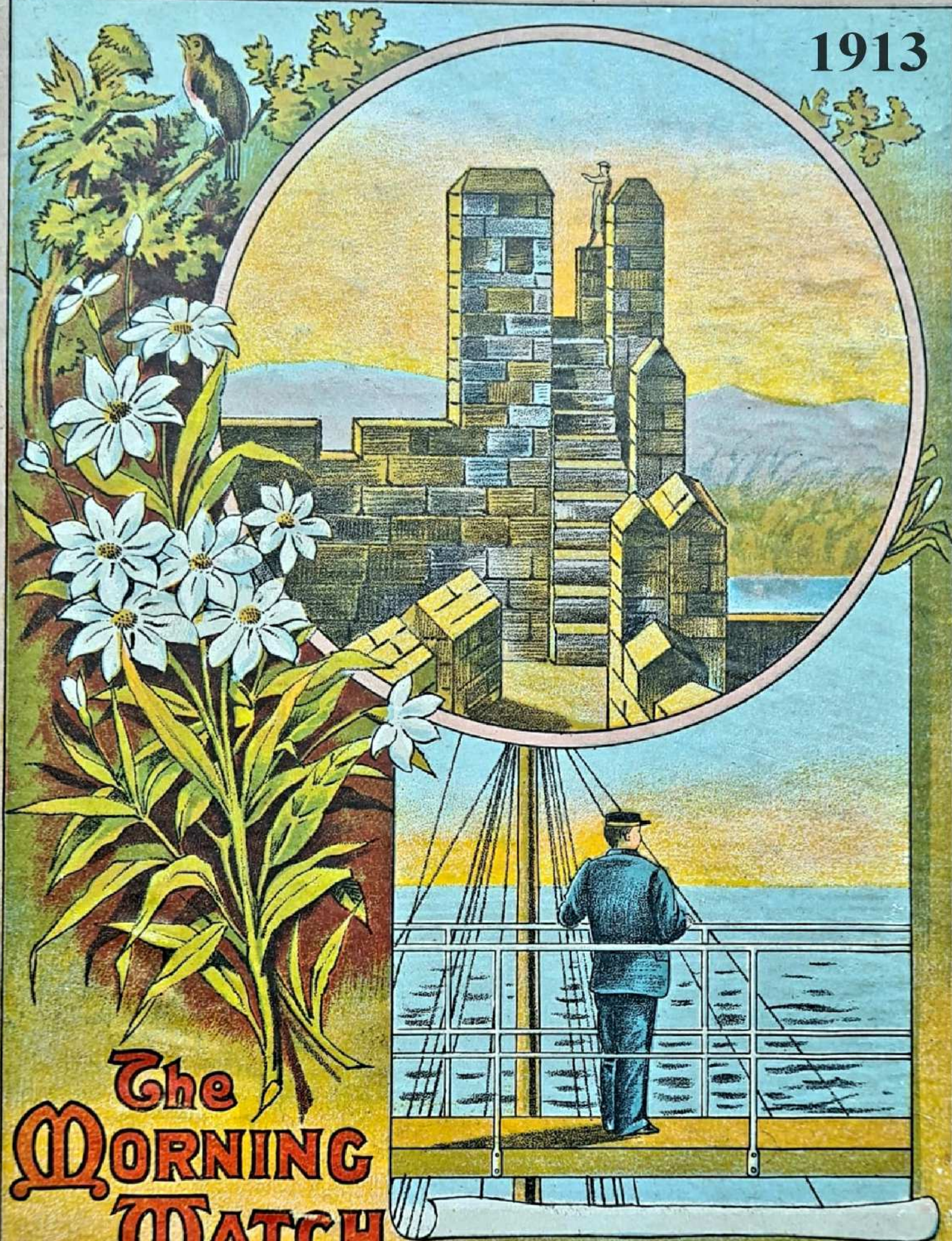


1913



# The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY  
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.  
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.  
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.  
LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by the Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

1913.

---

Volume 26.

---

EDINBURGH & GLASGOW :

GREENOCK :

LONDON :

JOHN MENZIES & CO., LTD. JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS, LTD. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.



# Contents.

## Illustrations—

	Page		Page
Apple Stealers, The	126	Life-buoy, - - - -	62
April Showers, - - - -	41	Livingstone, The Boy	30
Asleep, - - - -	21	"Manners makyth Man," - -	61
Astronomers, The Young	13	March, - - - -	29
"Clap your hands," - - -	89	May, - - - -	53
Clothes lying about, - -	115	Milk Can, - - - -	55
Crab, - - - -	73	Murdoch, Mr Alexander	7
Daisy Chain, The	49	October, - - - -	113
December, - - - -	138	One Berry, - - - -	103
Drought, In time of - -	100	Pavilion, Cricket	92
Elephant and Crocodile, -	42	Pigeons, - - - -	128
February, - - - -	17	Pillow, A - - - -	137
"For Turnips I once stole,"	77	Potato Pits, The	79
Garden, - - - -	44	Rose, - - - -	91
Gentleman, A little	121	Snails, - - - -	85
Gentlewoman, A little	133	Snowdrops and Crocuses,	18—
Graveyard, - - - -	97	Tent, The Silent	25
Hawthorn, - - - -	81	Twelve Guinea Gowns	37
Hidden Path, The	1	"Washing a Saint's Feet," -	109
June Sunshine, - - - -	65	Wheelbarrow, - - - -	68
Letter-box, The - - - -	9		

	Page		Page
African Paths, - - - -	2	Men of Renown, - - - -	101
Altar's Horns, The - - -	62	Mirrors, The Sewing Women's	104
Apple Stealers, The - - -	125	One Berry, - - - -	102
"Asleep on a Pillow," - -	138	Postman, The Model	33
"Barometer, Look at your"	140	Prelude, The - - - -	14
Bowers, Lieutenant - - -	32	"Promise me one thing," - -	74
Clahtumvillalooahmankahoadshunga,	4	Road-menders, The - - -	66
Drunkard, The - - - -	57	Robertson, Principal James	93
Elephant and Crocodile, -	43	Rose's Leaves, A - - - -	90
Ellis, Prof. Robinson - -	128	Ruby's New Year Trip, - -	19
Eton and Harrow Match, -	92	Scholars, The Two - - -	98
"For Turnips I once stole,"	76	Scott, Captain - - - -	26
Garden, The Sluggard's - -	43	Smith, Rev. John - - - -	114
Gentleman, A Little - - -	122	Snails, The - - - -	86
"Go to Jericho," - - - -	54	Snowdrops and Crocuses, -	18—
Holidays, After the - - -	86	"That no one take thy Crown,"	134
"I think she would pass," -	116	Third Commandment, The	17
Indian, A Brave - - - -	8	"Thou hast taught in our streets,"	50
"Letter that was too late,"	8	"Turn ye, turn ye," - - -	93
Lithographed Letter, - -	139	Vancouver Hawthorn, - -	80
Livingstone's Handwriting,	31	"Volturno," Burning of the	127
Marjory Gordon, - - - -	116	Wagons, The Covered	110



## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from Vol. 25.)

	Page		Page
Sixty-fourth Birthday, -	3, 15	Seventy-second Birthday, -	87, 98
Sixty-fifth           ,, -	16	Seventy-third           ,, -	99
Sixty-sixth           ,, -	16, 27	Seventy-fourth       ,, -	99, 111
Sixty-seventh       ,, -	28	Seventy-fifth       ,, -	112
Sixty-eighth       ,, -	39	Seventy-sixth       ,, -	113, 124
Sixty-ninth       ,, -	40, 51	Seventy-seventh   ,, -	134
Seventieth       ,, -	52, 63, 74	Seventy-eighth   ,, -	135
Seventy-first       ,, -	75	Seventy-ninth     ,, -	136

## Short Sayings, Incidents, &c., Illustrative of Texts,

will be found on pages 12, 24, 36, 48, 60, 72, 84, 96, 108, 120, 132, 144.

### REASONS FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH: 15th Series.

1.—Her Hat and Muff don't match, -	10
2.—Snow to be cleared away, -	22
3.—First Sabbath of March, -	35
4.—The "great" Danny Pheedran's, -	46
5.—Stacks to be watched, -	58
6.—Laughed at for not finding Zephaniah, -	70
7.—Tired after the "fitting," -	82
8.—The Antiquarian's, -	94
9.—Roads cut up, -	106
10.—The Brambler's, -	118
11.—The Sad Widow's, -	130
12.—A Sympathetic Strike, -	142



January, 1913.

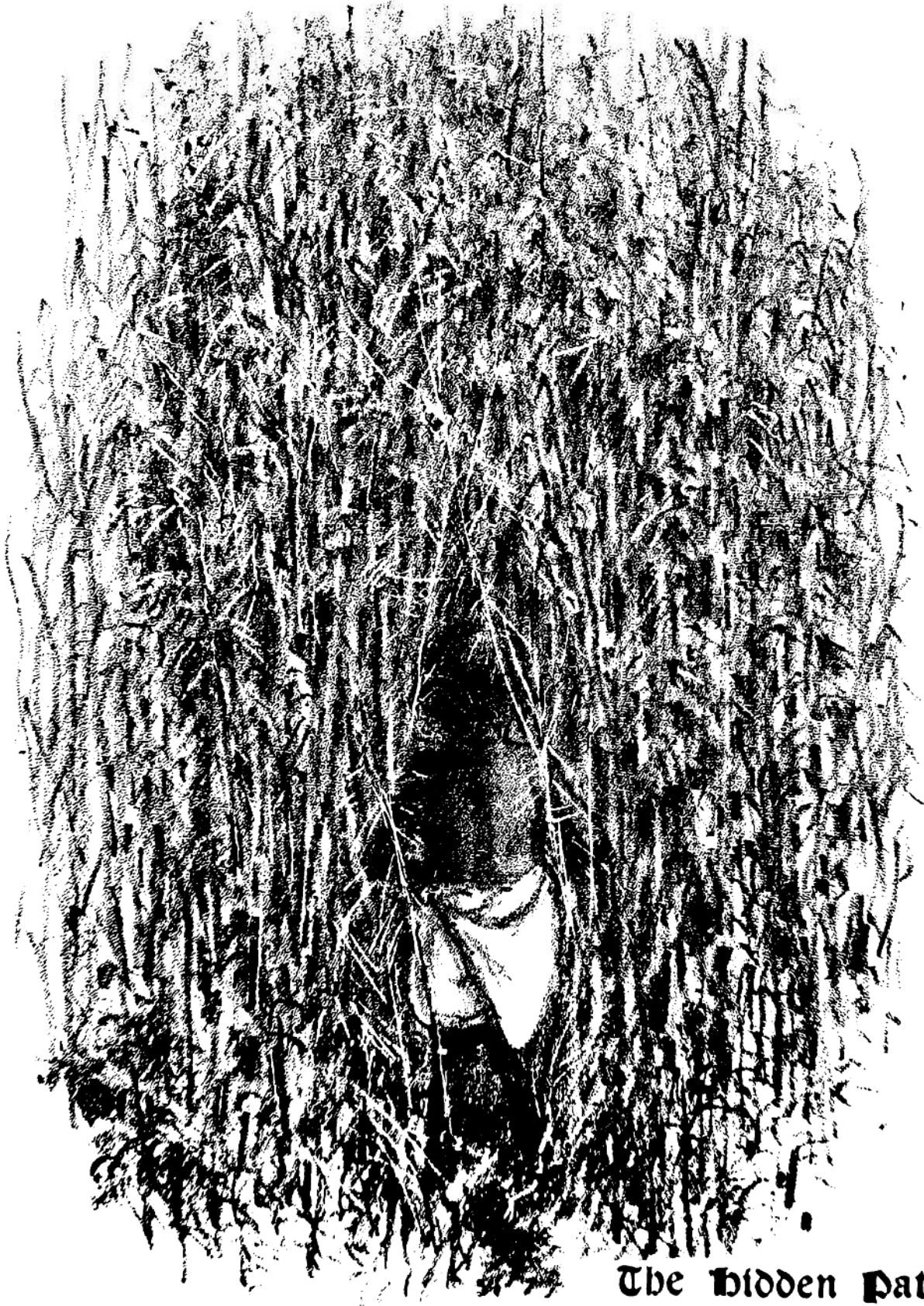
One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 1.



The Hidden Path.



NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1912.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

—o—

*Vols. I. to XV. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1902, are out of print.*

*Vols. XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII., and XXIV., 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.*

*Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

## 1913.

*The ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them, to search out a resting-place for them.—  
Numb. 10, 33.*

**I**N great parts of Africa there are no roads, but only narrow beaten paths, little bigger than a cart-wheel rut, mere goat walks, or sheep tracks, as it were. These paths become overgrown with thick grass, whose stems are from ten to thirteen feet high. The trail is hidden below them, and the "terror o' mornings," says Mr. Daniel Crawford, F.R.G.S., in his newly published book\*—a work of extraordinary interest—is to squeeze one's way through this cold wet matted tangle. By mid-day the grass is dry, but the heat is so grent

\* *Thinking Black, 22 Years without a Break in the Long Grass of Central Africa: Morgan & Scott, Ltd., London. Illustrated, 7/6 net.*

that it almost suffocates one to pass through it. The early morning is thus the time to make a start, but as the first traveller gets the benefit of the heavy dew, everybody tries to get behind somebody else. The weakest, as usual, go to the wall, and the big black porters who are the carriers in that land, for where there are no roads there can be no wheeled conveyances, compel the children in the caravan to go first and to wipe off the cold dew on to their poor little shivering naked bodies. If a stranger finds fault with this, he is told that that has been the custom for centuries, "use and wont" being one of the cruellest of false gods worshipped in Africa and all the world over.

To-day we all begin a new journey into the unknown. There are difficulties and dangers in our way, and lurking on every side of us, nearer than we think, are enemies more to be feared than any lion, serpent, or wild elephant. But we have a Leader and Commander Who goes before us, to prepare a place for us.

What would we say if, after these children had brushed off these cold heavy dews with their little bodies, the rest of the caravan refused to follow and made them suffer all that misery for nothing? Yet that is what we do to Christ. His head is wet with the dew, His locks with the drops of the night, and His garments are drenched with blood. He has fought and vanquished Satan, sin, and death. He bids us rise up and follow Him. Why should we not say, "Lord, I will

follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest " ?

And as Christ has done so much to open up our way and make it

easy and happy, shall we not do our best for all our fellow-travellers in every department of our daily life, that they and we together may come to the City of the Great King ?

## Concerning Birthdays.

*So teach us to number our days*

*That we may get us an heart of wisdom.—Ps. 90, 12. R.V.*

One of the noteworthy things in the recently published Selections from the Diaries written by the late Queen Victoria during her Girlhood from 1832 to 1840 is that she not only wrote up her Journal faithfully day by day—she did so even on the forenoon of her marriage day—but she even marked down the hours and minutes. Such entries as this occur all through the book : " Friday, 10th May, 1839. At 7 minutes to 2 Lord Melbourne (the Prime Minister) came and stayed with me till 10 m. to 3."

(*Vol. 22, 1909, contains Birthdays 1st—13th; Vol. 23, 1910, 13th—28th; Vol. 24, 1911, 28th—47th; Vol. 25, 1912, 47th—64th.*)

This year I hope, if all is well, to go on telling you some things that people have said or done on their Birthdays.

64th  
Birth-  
day.

Philip Henry, his son tells us, always kept a will by him ready made ; and it was his custom yearly, on the return of his birthday, to review, and if occasion were, to renew and alter it : " for it is good to do that at a set time which it is very good to do at some time." In 1695 he wrote this : " In the Name of God : Amen ! I, Philip Henry of Broad Oak, in the County of Flint, an unworthy minister of Jesus Christ, having attained this day to the sixty-fourth year of my age, in bodily health, God be praised, but sensible of the decays of Nature, and desirous to be found ready when death comes that I may have nothing else to do but to die, with my own hand make this my last will and testament. First I recommend my soul into the hands of God my heavenly Father, trusting only to the merit and mediation of Jesus Christ my Lord, Whose I am and Whom I serve, for acceptance and salvation : my body to the earth whence it was taken, to be laid up there as in a bed of rest, to sleep in Jesus, till the last trump shall sound : my wife and children to the divine blessing and providence, together with all my children's children to be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ;" etc. This was the last will he made. He dated it " This 24th day of August, 1695, being the day of the year on which I was born, 1631, and also the day of the year on which, by law, I died, as did also near two thousand faithful ministers of Jesus Christ, 1662." In these last words he refers to the " Act of Uniformity," which required all ministers in England to give their assent to the Revised Prayer Book, and to swear " that it is not lawful, on any pretence



64th  
Birth-  
day.

whatsoever to take up arms against the King." One of the clauses of the Act disposed of the places and churches of all the Non-Conforming Ministers as if they were actually dead.

"Talisker, in Skie, Sept. 24, 1773.—On last Saturday was my sixty-fourth birthday. I might perhaps have forgotten it, had not Boswell told me of it; and, what pleased me less, told the family at Dunvegan.

"The last year is added to those of which little use has been made. I tried in the summer to learn Dutch, and was interrupted by an inflammation in my eye. I set out in August on this journey to Skie. I find my memory uncertain, but hope it is only by a life unmethodical and scattered.

"My hope is, for resolution I dare no longer call it, to divide my time regularly, and to keep such a journal of my time as may give me comfort in reviewing it. But when I consider my age, and the broken state of my body, I have great reason to fear lest death should lay hold upon me, while I am yet only designing to live. But I have yet hope."—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

## Clahtumvillalooahmamkahkoadshunga.

THESE 33 letters are but one word, and that is what the Tsimshean Indians in Alaska, in North-West America, say when they hope "you may be for ever happy." So says Mr. J. W. Arctander in his "Story of William Duncan, the Missionary." It is certainly a big word, but think of the bigness of the thought which that wish expresses! One seems to see in it "a far-stretching land." "So long!"

We cannot help wondering how the Indian's memory can hold it and how his tongue gets round it. But probably he would say it is far easier to remember one big word than six little ones, easier to carry one large box than six little packages.

Sometimes when a parcel comes to us at New Year time we say, "That's a fine bit of string and a splendid sheet of brown paper!" but we don't end our admiration there. We say, "Open it up quick, and see what's inside it." Even so, when you have gazed long enough at that strange hand-writing on the wall, you must ask God to tell you what Clahtumvillalooahmamkahkoadshunga really means.

And this is the interpretation of the thing: "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent." This is God's wish, and this is the New Year's gift He would like us all to take from His hands.



**Mr. Alexander Murdoch.***For he was a good man.—Acts 11, 24.*

IN the *Morning Watch* for August, 1906, I told you a little about Mr. John Murdoch, LL.D., a man who spent sixty years all but one week in missionary work in Ceylon and Southern India. During that time he looked after the translation and printing of 1,200 different books in 8 languages, and bore a part in the issue of more than 60 million publications. I told you some of the vows he made when he began his work, such as: to make the glory of God the chief end of his being, and the conversion of his pupils his daily prayer and purpose: and with a view to these things, his resolution to beware of indolence, "the besetting sin of a hot climate," and to be "neat and clean in personal appearance both in the school and in his own room." I told you, also, how during all those 60 years he kept a Diary; the last entry being made on his 85th birthday when he was very ill, and the last word being "India."

I wish to tell you now about his brother Alexander, Assistant-Professor of Greek in Glasgow University for nearly 37 years, under Professors Lushington, Jebb, and Murray, who died, aged 80, on the 17th of last November. Each brother could say of the other what Nehemiah said of his brother—"he was a faithful man and feared God above many."

On a summer day one might have seen him in a small boat, off his favourite Arran, reading Plato for pleasure, and surely that, as much as

"reading Greek with one's feet on the fender," proves a man a scholar.

"Gentle" was the word most men applied to him. "Too gentle" would have been better, for his class was often very noisy. I remember, for example, a day in the Middle Greek room in the Old College in High Street when a student threw a potato which bounced on to the long curved desk behind which Mr. Murdoch was sitting. Mr. Murdoch caught him in the act, and asked him to speak to him at the end of the hour. The offender was not a man whose dismissal from College would have eclipsed its scholarship, and what he did was not only unseemly but deliberately so, for potatoes are not things that a man just happens to have about him. At that time most of us believed that Professors had unlimited powers—and they rather encouraged the belief. We waited accordingly in a group at the door to wit what should become of the lad.

"What did he say?" we asked when he came out.

"Oh! he just said"—and here the student imitated Mr. Murdoch's curious habitual little cough—"Was it you—ahem—who threw that—ahem—potato?" "Yes, sir." "Then—ahem—you won't—ahem—do it again?" And then he smiled, and bade me go!"

Yes, he was very very gentle. Yet the first time I saw him he had a pair of tawse over his shoulder! It was in one of the Latin Class rooms in the Old High School in John Street. Our class, under a



succession of young assistants during the long illness of our master, Dr. Patrick M'Kindlay, had become a little rowdy, and the Magistrates of Glasgow, who were Governors of the School, had asked Mr. Murdoch at the close of the College session to take the Doctor's place. I can still see him as he first stood before us that day—his piercing eyes, his black hair, his little side whiskers, and the rosy cheeks that remained with him to the last. There was something very kindly-looking about him, but there was that, too, in his eyes and about his mouth which told us that this Assistant-Professor was a man we had better not trifle with. I remember when I saw him that day, the text came into my mind—I must have been hearing a sermon on it shortly before, for Paul's Epistles were not then my favourite private reading—"What will ye? Shall I come unto you with a rod, or in love, and in the spirit of meekness?"

But that pair of tawse he never once used with us.

As a teacher, both at school and at College, he was just and fair, specially in the way he put questions, as I have seen no other man.

I do the Professors of 40 years ago no wrong when I say that some of them took no interest in their students. With Mr. Murdoch it was otherwise. Of his own accord he got places for them as tutors, and through these tutorships many students not only paid their way during their College career, but made friendships which shaped their whole lives. There are some living

who can say they owe everything they are to him.

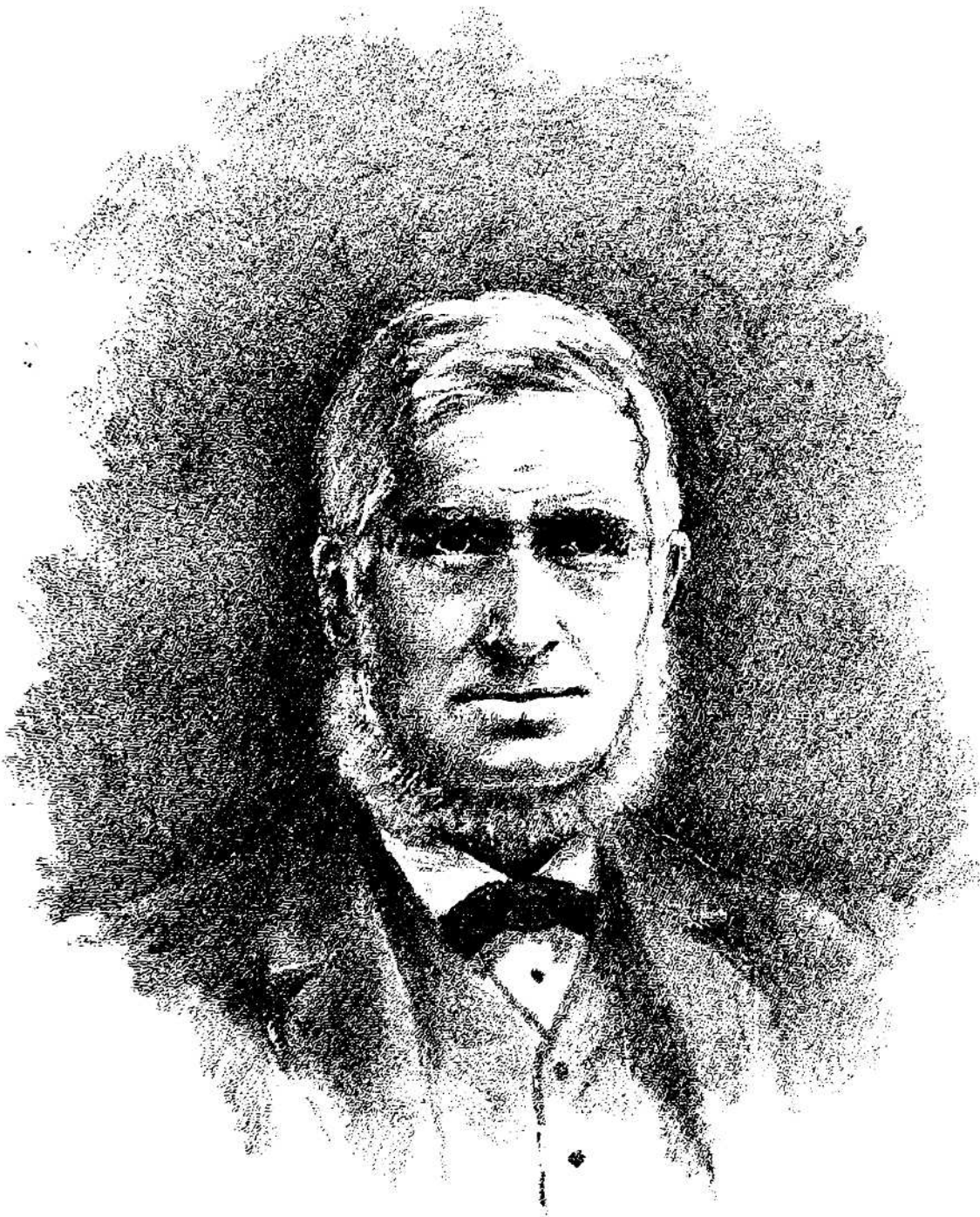
This is a world in which God needs the help of men who can be angry. The man who is never angry is of no use, and kind and gentle as Mr. Murdoch was, I am glad to say I have seen him often in fierce anger.

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer. You will know, I hope, the meaning of all those words some day. Yes, there was about him, in some things, as about most good men and all good women, a certain tremendous inexorableness.

In his later years this element in his nature showed itself curiously in the delight he and his wife and family had in yachting. He was never happier than in battling in the company of his sons with wind and wave amongst the Western Isles.

In his early manhood, moved by John Foster's Essay "On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself," he began to keep a Diary, and like his brother he kept it faithfully, never missing a day.

He was at Wellington U.F. Church, of which he was an elder, on Sabbath, Nov. 10. During the week he became ill, and for three days slept almost continually. On the Friday night he felt so much better that he called for his Diary and wrote it up for the four preceding days. On the Saturday afternoon he rose for a little, and in the evening wrote up his Diary for that day. The last word in it is his little grand-daughter's name—"Jean." During the night he became very



*Henry M. Muddick.*

---

ill, and about 5 o'clock in the morning he died.

He had a touching experience a few years ago. Eager to see Athens

and Jerusalem, he made a voyage to the East, and saw Athens, but after leaving Greece his health broke down, and though he reached the



coast of Syria, all that he saw of it was a glimpse of Joppa through the port-hole of his cabin, when they lifted him from his couch for two moments. One other instance of those sad, sad words—"Tantum vidi"—saw, and no more. But into the Canaan that is above, he has had, I make no doubt, an abundant entrance.

I have said all this to you about Mr. Murdoch because I owe so much to him and I loved him, and I would like you when you meet him hereafter to be able to say you had heard his name.

I hope you will all have good men and women for your teachers, and that some of you will some day write about them more worthily than I have done about

"That friend of mine who lives in God."

—•—

*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John 15, 13.*

**I**N his new book, *South America: Observations and Impressions*; the Right Hon. James Bryce, lately British Ambassador to the United States, tells this story.

A few years ago in Northern Mexico a truck carrying a load of dynamite for use at a mine was suddenly discovered to be on fire at a village station. As the risk was imminent the driver of a locomotive that was standing hard by hitched the truck on to his engine, and bidding the fireman jump off and save himself, adding "I go to my death," ran the truck into the

country at all the speed he could put on. When he had got a mile away the dynamite exploded. Every window in the village was broken, and he himself was blown to atoms, but the inhabitants were all saved.

And the man who did this was a pure-blooded Indian.

### —\*—

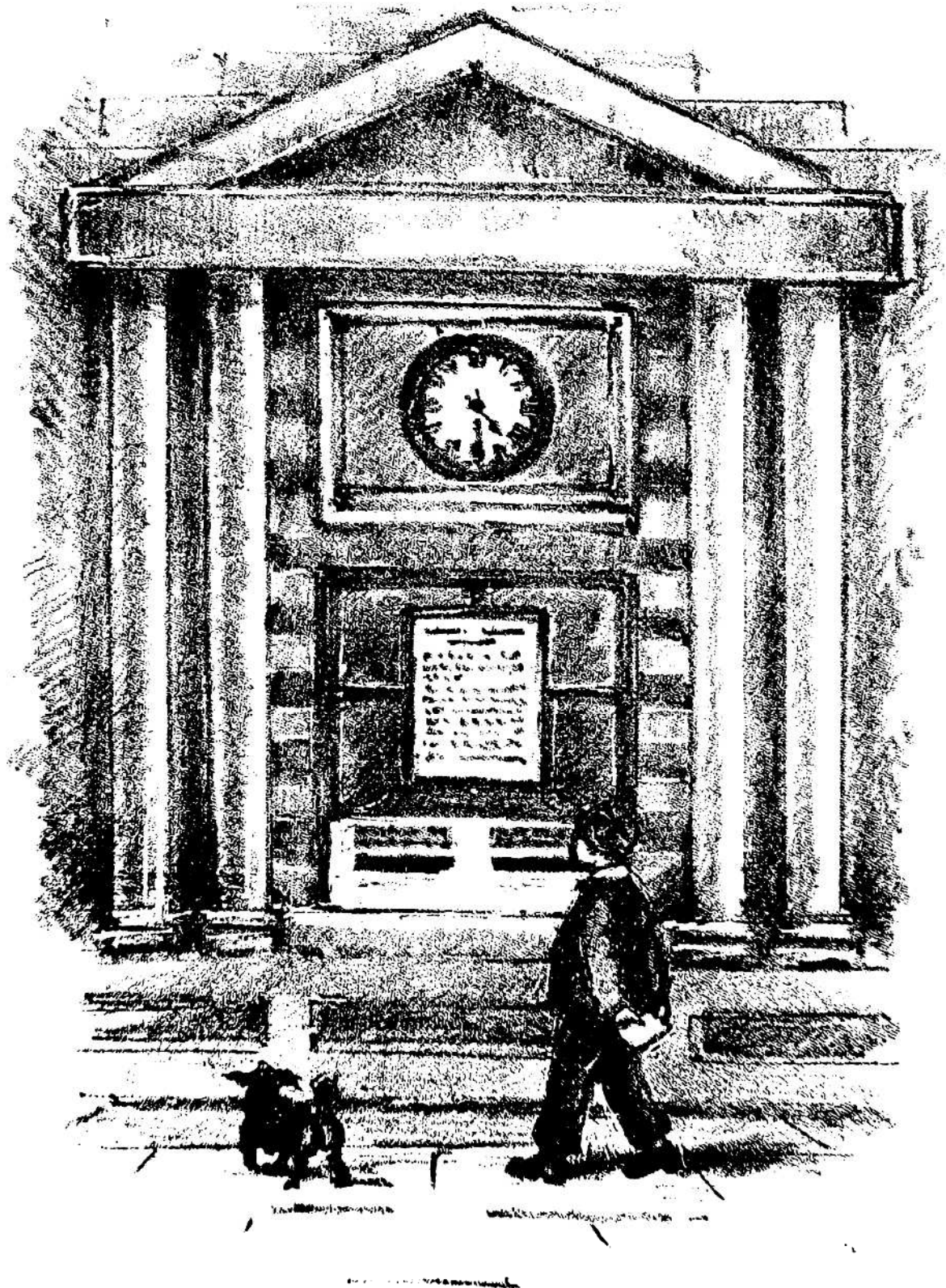
### The Letter That was too Late.

*And while they went away to buy, the Bridegroom came.—Matt. 25, 10.*

"**H**ERE, Alec, run with that letter as hard as you can to the General Post Office. It's for Canada, and the closing of the mail has been changed to 4.30, I think. But you can tell me when you come back. Now, as hard as you can, for it's very important."

So Alec set off, and his master, as he watched him from the window flying along the street, felt glad he had a boy that he could trust; not very clever perhaps, but always very willing. "And how he can run! I remember when I could have run myself that way, but I couldn't do 22 yards now to save my life! . . . I hope he's in time with that letter."

Alec was in time, with half-a-minute to spare. But he made a big mistake. Before he posted the letter he thought he would read what the notice-board said about the closing of the Mail for Canada. That took up five-and-thirty seconds, and just as he put up his hand to drop the letter in, he heard the attendant inside pull the letter-basket away. He had missed it by one moment!





When he came back—the office was a mile away—he told his master what he had done. “Ay,” said he, “it’s a pity, Alec. You should have posted the letter first, and read the time-table after. The one could wait, and the other couldn’t. We’ve lost a week, and more than a week—more than I can tell you.”

A few nights after, at family worship, the Master was reading about the Five Foolish Virgins, and as was their wont in that house, the children made any remarks or put any questions that occurred to them. “Wasn’t it shabby of the Wise Virgins,” said one of the boys, “to tell the others to go and buy oil when there wasn’t time to do it?”

“There was plenty of time to do it,” said the father, “and plenty of

time to get back. But instead of going, I have no doubt they spent some time discussing whether it was really necessary to go or not; and when they got to the man’s shop and wakened him—supposing they really did go all the way—they would spend some time telling him how they had slumbered and slept, and what a fright they got when they heard the Cry, Behold, the Bridegroom! and they would say that over and over again. That was how, when they got back, they found the door—shut.”

And then he told them of a merchant he had known who lost a large order all because the boy who was to post the letter, instead of posting it at once, spent time looking to see if he was in time!

### Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 1.

*This lady did not go to church on Sabbath, though it was the first Sabbath of the year, because the lining of her muff—part of a magnificent set of furs her uncle sent her from Tobolsk—was of a different shade of rose pink from that of the trimming of her new hat: “these London people are always SO careless, and it is simply impossible to wear the two together.”*

*When it was said that no one might see the inside of her muff, and what did it matter?, she replied with lofty scorn, that she had always been taught that if a thing was wrong, it was wrong, whether it was seen or not.*

*But she went out with them both on the Monday, curiously enough, having discovered on closer examination and in a clearer light, that the two shades went quite well together, and when she was asked what people would say when they saw her out on a Monday and not out on Sabbath, she said, “Oh but they don’t know what my reason was for staying at home! and as long as people don’t know, what does it matter?”*





1	W	I GO . . . . NOT KNOWING THE THINGS THAT SHALL BEFALL ME.— <i>Acts 20, 22.</i> “I wish you A Very Happy New Year—the best yet by far—the particulars to be filled in by One Who cannot err.”— <i>Principal Dods: Letter to his Sister, 1 Jan., 1864.</i>
2	TH	He knoweth the way that I take.— <i>Job 23, 10.</i>
3	F	Jesus said, What I do thou shalt know hereafter.— <i>John 13, 7.</i>
4	S	There shall no evil befall thee.— <i>Ps. 91, 10.</i>
5	S	Who hath gathered the wind in His fists?— <i>Prov. 30, 4.</i>
6	M	What is His Name, and what is His Son's Name, if thou canst tell?
7	TU	Jesus said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep.— <i>Luke 5, 4.</i>
8	W	There go the ships.— <i>Ps. 104, 26.</i> “The <i>Gorgon</i> was a noble sea boat; it would have been worth any man's while to leave the feast, or the dance, to have been on board her in a gale of wind to witness her glorious qualities.”— <i>Commander Gardner's Recollections; 1794.</i>
9	TH	They that were in the ship worshipped Him.— <i>Matt. 14, 33.</i>
10	F	When He gave to the sea its bound, then I was by Him.
11	S	And My delight was with the sons of men.— <i>Prov. 8, 23-31. R.V.</i>
12	S	Being ambitious to preach the gospel.— <i>Rom. 15, 20. R.V. Margin.</i>
13	M	Covet earnestly the best gifts.— <i>1 Cor. 12, 31.</i> “Paul knew how to raise vices into rare virtues, just as clever gardeners convert noxious weeds into handsome flowers.”— <i>The Gates of Dawn: Dr. W. L. Walkinson.</i>
14	TU	Let us consider one another to provoke unto love.— <i>Heb. 10, 24.</i>
15	W	Being crafty, I caught you with guile.— <i>2 Cor. 12, 16.</i>
16	TH	He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.— <i>2 Cor. 10, 17.</i>
17	F	I buffet (I box) my body, and bring it into bondage.— <i>1 Cor. 9, 27. R.V.</i>
18	S	Yea, what revenge.— <i>2 Cor. 7, 11.</i> So also Jealousy,— <i>2 Cor. 11, 2; Waste,—2 Cor. 9, 9; Cowardice,—2 Tim. 2, 22; etc.</i>
19	S	Now there are diversities of gifts.— <i>1 Cor. 12, 4.</i>
20	M	A wise man will hear and increase learning.— <i>Prov. 1, 5.</i>
21	TU	Every manner of service.— <i>2 Chron. 34, 13.</i>
22	W	As we have opportunity.— <i>Gal. 6, 10.</i> “You shall cause all your landmen to learn the names and places of the ropes, that they may assist the sailors in their labour upon the decks, though they cannot go up to the tops and yards.”— <i>Sir Walter Raleigh's Instructions to his Captains: 1617.</i>
23	TH	The sailors sounded.— <i>Acts 27, 28.</i> Paul gathered a bundle of sticks.— <i>Ch. 28, 3.</i>
24	F	Ministering as of the strength which God supplieth.— <i>1 Pet. 4, 11. R.V.</i>
25	S	The slothful's hands refuse to labour.— <i>Prov. 21, 25.</i>
26	S	They continually say unto me, Where is thy God?— <i>Ps. 42, 3.</i>
27	M	It was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them.— <i>John 6, 17.</i>
28	TU	All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.— <i>Ps. 42.</i>
29	W	Yet the Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime,
30	TH	And in the night His song shall be with me. “Nov. 23, 1892. It is still dark, but a thrush is singing—a lesson for the Christian.”— <i>Eliza Brightwen's Life.</i>
31	F	About midnight Paul and Silas were singing hymns unto God, and the prisoners were listening to them.— <i>Acts 16, 25. R.V.</i>

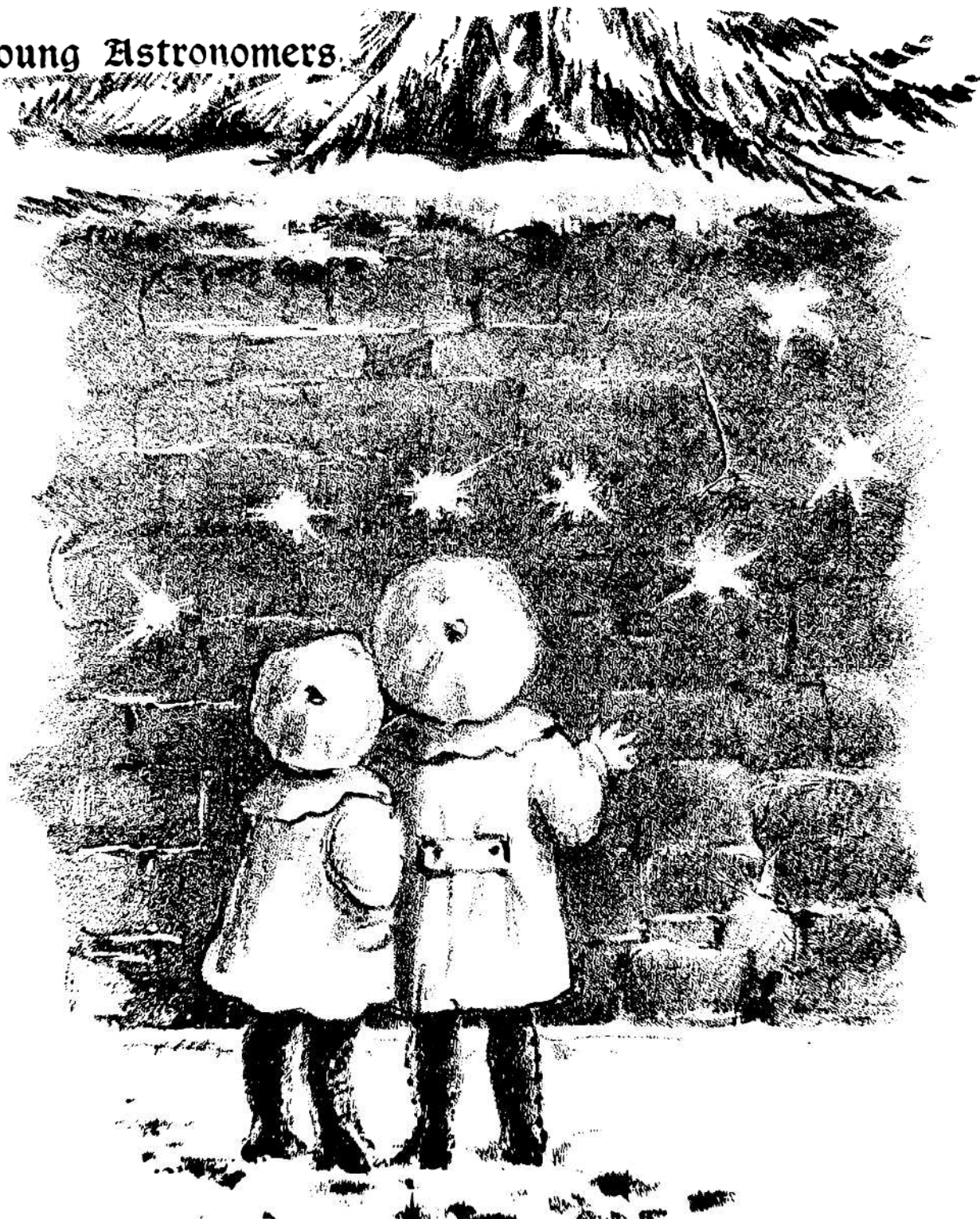
# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 2.

## Young Astronomers.



*"O look! there's a Snow 'Plough' like the stars that Daddy was showing us in the Sky!"*

NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1912.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

—o—

*Vol. I. to XV. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1902, are out of print.*

*Vols. XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII., and XXIV., 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.*

*Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

### The Prelude.

A Glasgow lady showed me the other day a book of sacred music she had given a poor Jew to bind for her. Its covers had gone to pieces, the title-page was amissing, and the old man, who could not read English, seeing on the first page of the book, as it came into his hands, a lot of printing with the word "Preface" at the top, thought that was the name of the book, and put

#### PREFACE

accordingly in gold letters on the brown-yellow leather back!

Mistakes are sometimes some of the best things we make, and perhaps it was so here.

God makes the song the last in everything, the poet Browning says, but does not His law, and should not our faith, make the song the first thing too? Just as He bids us enter His gates with praise, and

come with a singing voice into His courts, so should we begin everything we do, not only with a prayer, but with a song. "Let us pray" we say when we are face to face with duty or with difficulty; would not "Let us sing" be more fitting? I know "I shall yet praise Him;" why should I not praise Him now, at the very starting of the way, and save myself all that needless fear and sorrow that I carry with me on my journey? "Because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." That was our Lord's Own way. "When they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."

And are not all our psalms and hymns and spiritual songs in this world but the Preface, the Prelude, the tuning of the strings, the preparation for the joy that awaits us if by God's grace we come to the Better Land? I hope you all know that wonderful bit of prose with which Bunyan closes the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Begin where he tells us how after Christian and Hopeful got through the river two Shining Men met them and brought them up to the Gate of the City.

"Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate: and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them,



'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.'

"Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on

their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

"There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

Might we not be "amongst them" even here and now if we joined with them in praising God?

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 4.)

64th  
Birth-  
day.

When George Meredith was 64, a friend, through some curious mistake, congratulated him in a newspaper article on being 73. But Meredith took it very nicely, and wrote: "It is not worth while to correct an error that I can let pass, and no one else will notice. However astray this lantern of your memory, to find it illuminating a thrice aged me warms the marrow of my bones. Think of me still when the nine years have run."

"December 29, 1873. Sixty-four years completed to-day—what have they brought me? A weaker heart, stiffened muscles, thin hairs; other strength still remains in my frame."—*Mr. Gladstone's Diary*.

"March 26, 1884. My sixty-fifth birthday. My thoughts were full of sad remembrances of the past."—*The late Duke of Cambridge's Diary*.

On his sixty-fifth birthday, says Mr. J. B. Atkins, the late Sir W. H. Russell, the famous War Correspondent of the *Times*, began his autobiography. "It is rather late," he wrote, "to begin an account of my life, but as I fain would make it an autobiography for which I alone am responsible there is not a day to be lost." Two years later he had to record that many days had been lost; few indeed had been saved. "*Diem perdidit!*" he exclaims with Titus, in his diary—"Diem perdidit! quot dies perdidit, miser!"—I have lost a day! How many days I have lost, wretched me! He began his autobiography afresh on his sixty-seventh birthday; but though he lived to be almost eighty-six years of age, the autobiography consists

64th  
Birth-  
day.

only of disconnected fragments. Men who knew him felt that if he had finished it, it would have been one of the most interesting works ever written.

On the 65th birthday of Dr. A. K. H. Boyd of St. Andrews, 5th November, 1890, Bishop Thorold of Rochester said to him : "At sixty-five the vista of active years becomes misty."

In 1893 Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, the historian, writing to a friend, who felt like himself that "the world was getting very old and very sad," said : "Grant Duff told me not long ago that he was delighted to be sixty-five, as he thought the world was going for sometime to be a very disagreeable place."

The Right Hon. M. Grant Duff was a politician, and we are not surprised, therefore, to find him a disappointed man, and all the more so that many thought he had received office and honour quite equal to his deserts. Many good men have unhappily spoken at times in the same despairing way, and have said, "It is better for me to die than to live." But that is a wrong thing to say. It is for God and God only to say when it is time for a man to leave off work and come home.

65th  
Birth-  
day.

On 28th August, 1898, his sixty-fifth birthday, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, wrote to a lady : "Ah yes, on this day 93 years ago" (this was a jest of course) "was born, under sad circumstances and not too auspicious a star, me. And many pretty letters have come, even from far Finland, which touched me." Next day to another friend he wrote : "I had a really happy birthday—ready as I am to give up birthdays, I was glad of this one. And in the afternoon four of us drove to the Zoological Gardens, and I had a fine time with lions' faces, and elephants' legs, and bears' backs, and cobras' fiendishness—stopped there for hours. I also had two books, and a blue necktie, and from the Horner babes a big box of sweets. Now was that a birthday or was it not?"

"Saturday, August 1, 1857.—Sixty-six years old, and not half what I ought to be at that age, in goodness, or anything else."—*George Ticknor, 1791-1871, American Scholar, Traveller, and Historian.*

One afternoon lately I asked a young nurse in one of our Hospitals what percentage of marks she thought she deserved for duty done that day. Answering a fool according to his folly, she merrily replied, "About 200 per cent!" Mr. Ticknor thought he deserved less than 50 per cent, less than one-half of the maximum. Had he said "less than a third," or "less than a fortieth," or "less than a five-hundredth," or "less than one-60,000th" per cent, he would still have been vastly overrating himself. For "when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, 'We are unprofitable servants.'"

### The 3rd Commandment.

*The curse shall enter into the house of the thief, and into the house of him that sweareth falsely by My Name: and it shall remain in the midst of his house, and shall consume it with the timber thereof and the stones thereof.—Zech, 5, 3 4.*

**I**N the Orders to be observed by the commanders of the fleet under the charge and conduct of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, given at Plymouth, 3rd May, 1617, on the eve of his setting sail for Guiana, the first two rules are these:

“1. Because no action nor enterprise can prosper, be it by sea or by land, without the favour and assistance of Almighty God, the Lord and Strength of hosts and armies, you shall not fail to cause divine service to be read in your ship morning and evening, in the morning before dinner, and in the

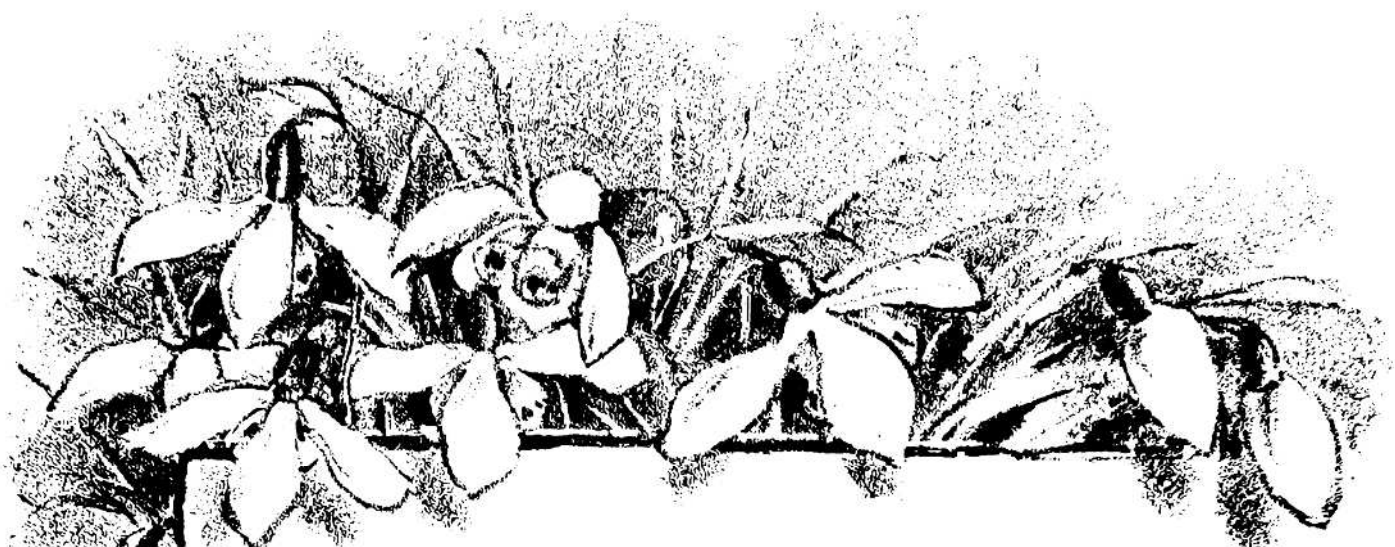
evening before supper, or at least (if there be interruption by foul weather) once in the day, praising God every night with the singing of a Psalm at the setting of the watch.

“2. You shall take especial care that God be not blasphemed in your ship, but that after admonition given, if the offenders do not reform themselves, you shall cause them of the meaner sort to be ducked at yard-arm; and the better sort to be fined out of their adventure (that is, the property sailors were allowed to take with them for trading in foreign ports). By which course, if no amendment be found, you shall acquaint me withal, delivering me the names of the offenders. For if it be threatened in the Scriptures that the curse shall not depart from the house of the swearer, much less shall it depart from the ship of the swearer.”



*"February fills the dyke  
Wi' black or white."*





*And the priests brought in the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord unto its place, into the oracle of the house, to the most holy place. . . . And they drew out the staves, that the ends of the staves were seen out in the holy place before the oracle: . . . and there they are unto this day.—1 Kings 8, 6. And thou shalt screen the Ark with the veil. And thou shalt bring in the candlestick, and light the lamps thereof.—Exodus 40, 3, R.V.*



### Snowdrops and Crocuses.

No man could see the Ark of God  
In those dim days of old,  
Nor Manna-pot, nor Aaron's Rod,  
Nor Cherubim of gold,

Nor Tables of the Law ; one could  
But see, outside the Veil,  
Ends of the Staves of shittim wood—  
The Unseen God's "All Hail!"

Even so, beneath these wintry skies  
 And through the frozen clod,  
 I see not Summer's rich supplies,  
 The corn that comes from God.

Yet surely Snowdrop, Crocus, are  
 The Lamps, the Staves of gold,  
 That show us faintly from afar  
 What Autumn shall unfold !

### Ruby's New Year Trip.

*So He giveth His beloved sleep.—  
 Psalm 127, 2.*

#### CHAPTER I.

ON the 30th and 31st December Ruby Masterman must have walked at least six-and-thirty miles and climbed about 1,774 feet—half the height of Schiehallion. How many foot-pounds of work, to use an engineer's expression, she must have done besides, it would take a better mathematician than I am to calculate. No, she was neither playing golf nor hockey; she was only serving in a grocer's shop, and as both her master and his other assistant were ill, she had all to do, and more, for the girl who came to help only hindered. So she was well named "Masterman," as at least twenty customers all "somewhat wittily" observed—as the great Cæsar once said of a much poorer joke. And oh how many things were asked for that were on the topmost shelves! But if it would be hard to reckon up all the work she did with her

hands and feet, it would be harder still to tell all that her mind and heart had to do. She had to listen, and listen with interest, to everybody's plans for the holidays, and to sympathise with a good many people's griefs. For everybody liked and trusted Ruby. Women, specially, who had ill-doing drinking husbands, found relief and comfort when they told her sometimes in words, more often by a look, that "he was at it again." But she was even more vexed for the one or two husbands whose wives were doing wrong, for a woman that drinks is one of the saddest things in the whole world. There was one woman, in particular, the young wife of an engineer at sea, about whom she was much distressed. All the same Ruby was looking forward eagerly to New Year's Day. Most of the townspeople were going to Edinburgh, but she and her people were to pay their first visit to Glasgow. They meant to spend the day chiefly in the Art Galleries, and they were

to have "high tea" with an uncle newly come home from India.

## CHAPTER 2.

On ordinary nights Ruby, like a famous Lady Salisbury, used to "vault" into bed. This last night of the year she could hardly crawl in, so tired was she. Her last words to her mother were, "Do you know, mother, I wish we could have taken poor Mrs. So-and-so—that was the engineer's wife—with us to-morrow. I think she is feeling very lonely and depressed."

Half-a-minute after saying that, she was sound asleep.

In the morning there was no rousing her, and it was finally, though most reluctantly, deemed best by all to let her sleep on. Her father and brothers and sisters could go to Glasgow, while her mother would keep watch and ward. If Ruby were rested enough by mid-day, the two could join the others at the Uncle's later on.

But that was not to be. Ruby slept on, and on, and on, all day, till 10 o'clock at night when the singing at family worship awoke her for a moment. It sounded so sweetly that she thought it was the New Year "Waits" playing in the streets in the distance. Then she fell over again, and slept till five.

At 6.30—for the shop must open in an hour—her mother bade her rise. Breakfast was ready, and not a common everyday breakfast either! There was a little porridge in a little china plate (on ordinary days she got a big bowlful) with cream, too, in a china bowl, and

ham and egg and sausages, and coffee such as might have pleased an Arab queen. But Ruby couldn't understand it. Where were the others? "Aren't we all going to Glasgow?"

"My poor lassie," said her mother, "they've all been! New Year's Day was yesterday, and you slept all through it; this is Thursday, and now you must just——"

"Go away back to the shop? You don't mean it, mother!"

And then poor Ruby lifted up her voice—for she was just eighteen and a girl besides—and wept. But presently she laughed; then wept again; and then she smiled. Her sense of humour and her spirit of contentment had won the day.

"And what did you do, mother?"

"Oh! I just peeped in now and again to see how you were getting on, but I had good company, for Mrs. So-and-So (the engineer's wife), on her way somewhere or other but looking very dull, saw me at the window and came in, and she spent the day with me, and we were both very happy, though of course we were very sorry for you."

And that good news filled Ruby's cup to overflowing.

## CHAPTER 3.

Ruby's adventure made her a kind of heroine, for all the journeys and excursions that others had made, however interesting and curious, were as nothing to her Trip to the Land of Nod! And many a body had, and will have, a good laugh over it. But no one has laughed so much as





she has done herself. And she laughs most—for it is with tears in her eyes—when she is on her knees before God. For the engineer's wife came that day and said, "Ruby, you don't know how glad and thankful I am that you didn't go to Glasgow yesterday. . . . Your mother told me how sorry you were on Tuesday night that I wasn't to be with you yesterday, . . . but I was, . . . and it was God that sent you that deep sleep . . . and brought me to your mother's

house, . . . and I'm going to stay with you and help you in the shop till your master is better, and it won't cost him anything, and it will save your strength a little, and it will be good for me, too."

Except the Lord do build the house,  
The builders lose their pain :  
Except the Lord the city keep,  
The watchmen watch in vain.

'Tis vain for you to rise betimes,  
Or late from rest to keep,  
To feed on sorrow's bread ; so gives  
He His beloved sleep.

## Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 2.

*The family in that house did not go to church because the father and mother thought it would be better to let the boys clear away the snow from the pavement to keep people from falling. But they spent so much time at breakfast in their glee at the prospect that when they began their shovelling, some people were already on their way to church. Working with wet snow, besides, was, somehow, not such great fun as the boys expected, and after they had been at it only two minutes, their parents called them in ; they were afraid people would think they were showing off. But they had no doubt whatever that the will would be taken for the deed and that they would get full credit for their good intentions, though to be sure some hypocrites would think it wrong to clean the streets, "and if there was one thing more hateful than another it was hypocrisy."*

*So they all felt very virtuous, and the father said to the mother, "If our boys only see the evil of being hypocrites, that will be as good as any sermon they would have heard to-day. Now, boys, promise that whatever else you may be, you will never be hypocrites !" So they all promised, and thanked God that they were not like those Pharisees they saw from their windows plunging through the slush ; though what they themselves had "done more than others" who stayed at home that day under various pretexts it is hard to see !*





1	S	Your life is hid with Christ in God.— <i>Col. 3, 3.</i>
2	S	It is not for you to know times or seasons.— <i>Acts 1, 7. R.V.</i>
3	M	If God be for us, who can be against us?— <i>Rom. 8, 31.</i>
4	TU	Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob.— <i>Numb. 23, 23.</i>
5	W	If there arise a dreamer of dreams, and the sign come to pass, thou shalt not hearken unto that dreamer of dreams.— <i>Deut. 13, 1-5.</i>
6	TH	For the Lord proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord.
7	F	Manasseh observed times, and used enchantments.— <i>2 Kings 21, 6.</i>
8	S	“To some people it is merely <i>funny</i> that anybody should believe in palmistry. It is not at all <i>funny</i> ; it is <i>HIDEOUS</i> . . . . When somebody says she can read the future in the lines of the hand, you are in a world wholly irrational, a world without any opening in it either for God or man.”— <i>Stephen Paget: Address to St. Bartholomew's Hospital Students.</i> For without are dogs, and sorcerers (fortune-tellers and users of charms), and whoremongers, and murderers.— <i>Rev. 22, 15.</i>
9	S	Looking upon Jesus as He walked.— <i>John 1, 36.</i>
10	M	Walk worthily of God Who calleth you into His glory.— <i>1 Thess. 2, 12. R.V.</i>
11	TU	Walking, and leaping, and praising God.— <i>Acts 3, 8.</i>
12	W	Doth not the Almighty count all my steps?— <i>Job 31, 4.</i>
13	TH	Mine enemies mark my steps.— <i>Ps. 56, 6.</i> When Major-General Sir A. B. Tulloch was spying out Egypt for Britain before the war with Arabi under pretence of shooting game, a sheik's son noticed that he did not always fire at birds that got up within easy shot, and that he “walked with the step of a land-measurer.”—“ <i>A Soldier's Sailing.</i> ”
14	F	Me thinketh the running is like the running of Ahimaaz.— <i>2 Sam. 18, 27.</i>
15	S	A naughty person speaketh with his feet.— <i>Prov. 6, 13.</i>
16	S	Death and life are in the power of the tongue.— <i>Prov. 18, 21.</i>
17	M	A time to keep silence, and a time to speak.— <i>Eccl. 3, 7.</i>
18	TU	A prudent man concealeth knowledge.— <i>Prov. 12, 23.</i> “The Viceroy's chief clerk, Demetrius Panioty, gained in his responsible position the sobriquet of ‘Chubb's Lock,’ and won the respect of all who knew him.”— <i>Memoirs of Sir Owen Burne, G.C.I.E.</i>
19	W	Disclose not the secret of another.— <i>Prov. 25, 9. R.V.</i>
20	TH	Our life for yours, if ye utter not this our business.— <i>Josh. 2, 14.</i>
21	F	Joash was hid (with his aunt and nurse) six years.— <i>2 Kings 11, 3.</i>
22	S	Covenant-breakers.— <i>Rom. 1, 31.</i>
23	S	We shalt not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.— <i>Dan. 6, 4.</i>
24	M	For the people had a mind to work.— <i>Neh. 4, 5.</i>
25	TU	Skilful to work, . . . and to devise any device.— <i>2 Chron. 2, 14.</i>
26	W	So the workmen wrought; the work was perfected by them.— <i>2 Chron. 24, 13.</i>
27	TH	The men dealt faithfully.— <i>2 Kings 12, 15.</i> “Lord Melbourne has such an excellent gardener; he is a great Dissenter, and his father also. Lord M. says: ‘Great thing to have a Dissenter; they don't go to races, they don't hunt, and don't engage in any expensive amusements.’”— <i>Queen Victoria's Journal.</i>
28	F	A man diligent in his business . . . shall stand before kings.— <i>Prov. 22, 29.</i>

March, 1913.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 3.

## The Silent Tent.



*"Et vidi Novum Coelum et Novam Terram."—Revelation 21, 1.*

NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1912.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Vols. I. to XV. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1902, are out of print.*

*Vols. XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII., and XXIV., 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.

Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.

London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

## The Silent Tent, The Tabernacle of God's Glory.

*Jesus therefore said unto them,  
Children, have ye aught to eat?  
They answered Him, No.—John  
21, 5, R.V.*

*Hath God forgotten to be gracious?  
—Psalm 77, 9.*

As one reads about Captain Scott and his comrades, Edgar Evans, Lawrence Oates, Edward Wilson, Henry Bowers, strange thoughts about God and about God's love come into one's mind. There were two bands of men, one under Captain Scott, one under Captain Amundsen, into whose heart God had put the love of knowledge and the desire for fame, and one was taken and the other left. With one He dealt so tenderly; against the other He bent His bow and caused all the arrows of His quiver to enter into them. While these brave Norwegians were returning rejoicing

with unbroken ranks, our countrymen were battling, a few hundred miles away, with fierce winds and the snow and hail which God Himself has told us He has reserved against the day of battle and war. And Death followed in their train. And when the Three that were left had come within 11 miles of the Hut where there was bread enough and to spare, and they had pitched their little tent once more—God shut them in.

Where was the Angel that once baked a cake upon the coals and bade the sleeping prophet arise and eat? Why did Christ, Who kindled a fire beside the Sea of Galilee, not make a meal in whose strength they might have gone a day's march to their home? Lord, if Thou hadst been there, they had not died! Surely He, Who kept Moses and His Own Son alive for 40 days, could have saved these men by one word of His power! Could He not have stayed His rough wind in the day of His east wind? Could He not have shielded these men in the hollow of His hand, or made His sun to shine, or watched with them one hour?

We do not well in charging God. He Who called these men to pierce to the furthest bounds of day and night, and gave them heart and skill to prove that others had outrun them in the race, and yet that they themselves had reached the goal, was not unkind to them. He had given them enough of earthly fame; He was now preparing some better thing for them—not a return to that *Nova Terra* from which they



had set out, but an entrance into that Nova Terra et Novum Cœlum, that New Earth and those New Heavens where they have no need of the sun, for the Lamb is the light thereof, and there shall be no night there.

All that God did for these Five Men, He will Himself make known hereafter. But we know that by all that pain and hunger and utter weariness and loneliness and silence He was seeking to allure them to Himself. What if the sledge on

which the seaman Evans was carried was the fiery chariot that took him to God? What if poor Captain Oates on "going out" met Christ His Saviour at the tent door? What if the Three who had built their last tabernacle when their eyes were heavy with sleep, awoke to find themselves in the company of Moses and Elijah and God's Well-Beloved Son? What earthly joy or honour that we may think they missed could for one moment compare with that?

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 16.)

66th  
Birth-  
day.

In July, 1775, Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "In the meantime life is gliding away, and another state is hastening forward. You were but five-and-twenty when I knew you first." (She was then 35). "What I shall be next September I confess I have *lâcheté* (cowardice) enough to turn aside from thinking."

"Holmhurst, Nov. 22, 1864.—Sixty-six! Yes; so many have been the years of my pilgrimage, and surely they are drawing near to their close. . . . Oh, in spite of all the discipline of this life, how poor and wretched are my attainments in the heavenly life! . . . O Lord my Saviour, do Thou come and fill my heart, and enable me, forgetting what is behind, to press forward to the prize of my high calling in Thee."—*Maria Hare's Journal*.

"Oct. 1, 1880. Thank God! I begin a New Year with health and every blessing around me. I must not expect many happy returns and must be prepared for none."—*Diary of Earl Cranbrook*. He died in 1906, aged 93.

On July 30, 1885, Principal John Campbell Shairp of St. Andrews wrote: "Thursday, my sixty-sixth birthday. Makes one serious to think of—only a few more there can be even at the longest. And so have passed like a dream from quiet pleasant weeks, and so will all life be when it comes to an end."

66th  
Birth-  
day.

On January 15, 1885, Mr. James Russell Lowell, the poet and essayist, and at that time Minister of the United States to Great Britain, wrote to a friend: "Do you remember that in a month I shall be sixty-six? Luckily I am not reminded of it often, our decays are so full of *prévenances* (kind attentions), and come to us shod in felt. Don't you know how we sometimes become instinctively aware that we have lost or forgotten something, we don't know what? So it is with the thefts of old age. We grow conscious of them only after all is over."

A friend has kindly sent me an extract from Mr. Waugh's privately printed "The Athenaeum Club and its Associations": "The grand 'flying' staircase, which faces the entrance, is of unusual scale. Mr. Beckford pronounced it equal to anything he had seen abroad. We are told that it was passing up these steps, 'steps which he used to spring up so lightly, two or three at a time,' that Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, got his first warning of the disease that was to come upon him. Long after, the President met here an old friend, a great physician, and speaking of his health told him of some recent symptoms. 'What is your age now?' inquired the doctor. 'I am in my 66th year,' replied Leighton. 'It is rather an important period in a man's life,' remarked the doctor, 'and after you have got over this year you'll be good for another fourteen.' 'Do you know,' said Leighton in repeating this conversation to a brother painter, 'I almost felt a little irritation at that fourteen years! I was quite downcast. But when it occurred to me that with fourteen years added I should be eighty, I thought after all it was a good spell.' Fourteen *days* or so after this incident Leighton was dead."

67th  
Birth-  
day.

Miss Mary Russell Mitford, authoress, writing to the Rev. W. Harness, Dec. 16, 1854, says: "You must come soon, for a little while may settle all with me. Mr. May cannot get my pulse up . . . and, by the by, this is a day which I never expected to see, my 67th birthday." She died four weeks after.

On his sixty-seventh birthday, May 5, 1892, Professor Huxley wrote to his daughter: "It was very pleasant to get your birthday letter and the photograph. The love you children show me warms our old age better than the sun. For myself, the sting of remembering troops of follies and errors is best alleviated by the thought that they make me better able to help those who have to go through like experiences, and who are so dear to me that I would willingly pay an even heavier price, to be of use. Depend upon it a 'just man who needed no repentance' would make a very poor sort of a father. But perhaps his daughters would be 'just women' of the same type; and the family circle as warm as the interior of an ice-pail."

On the 14th July, 1896, Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote in his Diary: "My birthday, and much kindness both in Heaven and Earth." He died the following October.





## Livingstone as a Boy.



*"Mother, if you'll bar the door, I'll  
scrub the floor for you."*

Mr. William MacSkimming  
 with the kindest remembrance  
 of his grateful pupil  
 David Livingstone

London 20<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 1857

**Dr. Livingstone's Handwriting.**

A LADY in my congregation, the wife of the late Captain Robert Mathieson MacSkimming—for a fine story of the sea told by him see the "Morning Watch" for March, 1904—has kindly permitted me to make the accompanying fac-simile. It is taken from a copy of Dr. Livingstone's *Missionary Travels in South Africa*, presented to her husband's father, the Schoolmaster whom the

great Explorer praises so warmly, in the opening pages of that book, for his kindness and attention and the smallness of his charges. I am told that Livingstone not only attended his evening classes but went often to his house at spare moments to ask him about hard questions.

Next to a Mother's, and far before a Minister's in many ways, a Schoolmaster's-calling may be made the noblest upon earth.

One often hears of a teacher giving a prize to a scholar, but here is a scholar giving a prize to his teacher! And such a prize! May all who read this have such teachers and such pupils.

The writing is not perhaps what we call beautiful or scholarly, but it is a good honest 'hand,' and it "reads like print"—and that is the best thing one can say about any writing, as I remember an old man once said to me when I was a boy.

### Lieutenant Bowers, R.N.E.

WE people of Greenock are not a little proud of the fact that Lieut. Bowers, one of those who died with Captain Scott on the way back from the South Pole, was born in our town.

To myself this fact brings a memory and a great regret.

Thirty years ago three other men and myself used to go every morning about six for a bathe in the sea at a place called The Battery, or variously The Red Rocks. On our way home we generally met a stoutish little gentleman taking his morning stroll. He often had a book in his uplifted hand, reading as he went. There was something patriarchal about him which struck our fancy, and we styled him, not unkindly, though perhaps somewhat irreverently, "Daddy." Then some one told us he was a Captain Bowers, and thenceforth we called him "Daddy Bowers," jestingly, no doubt, but I can truly say, without malice or evil thought. But we never spoke to him, nor he to us.

Then we lost sight of him, and next we heard that he was dead. The newspapers told us for the first time the story of his life, and how as a dauntless navigator he had sailed up rivers in the far East which no British or European vessel had ever traversed before.

One of my morning companions was a minister, now entered into his rest, and a brave man, as many could bear witness who know how well he bore himself a few years afterwards in a little village on which there fell a plague of small-pox. When I met him next day he said, "And Captain Bowers is dead! and we used to poke fun at the man, and didn't know he was a hero!"

Ay, and if we had only known it, the father of a hero! Daddy Bowers indeed, a man whose little son was to make his father's name of "Daddy" as high an honour almost as mortal man can bear.

O! all you young folks, ask God to make you eager to find out and eager to admire good men and great. Ask Him to give to you so much of their spirit as shall make you able to know them when you see them.

Tennyson tells us that when day after day the surly Sir Kay treated with disdain young Gareth, "the last tall son of Lot and Bellicent," who had come disguised to Arthur's Court to serve a twelvemonth and a day, Sir Lancelot rebuked him thus:

"Sir Seneschal,  
Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray, and  
all the hounds;  
A horse thou knowest, a man thou dost  
not know:



Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine,  
 High nose, a nostril large and fine, and  
 hands  
 Large, fair and fine!—Some young lad's  
 mystery—  
 But, or from sheep cot or king's hall, the  
 boy  
 Is noble natured. Treat him with all  
 grace,  
*Lest he should come to shame thy judging  
 of him."*

May it never be said to any of  
 you, "A horse thou knowest, a  
 man thou dost not know!"



### The Model Postman.

*How beautiful upon the mountains  
 are the feet of him that  
 bringeth good tidings, that  
 publisheth peace, that bringeth  
 good tidings of good, that  
 publisheth salvation; that  
 saith unto Zion, Thy God  
 reigneth!—Is. 52, 7.*

#### CHAPTER I.

THERE was once in a certain town  
 a Postman, against whom the  
 publicans and licensed grocers made  
 complaint. But when inquiry was  
 made, the District Superintendent  
 declared him to be "the most  
 capable and conscientious man he  
 had, and a perfect model of all that  
 a Postman ought to be." And the  
 thing got somehow to be known,  
 and people dubbed him the  
 "Model." So much so that we all  
 called him that without thinking,  
 and would say to his wife, for  
 instance, "And how is the Model  
 to-day?" And she would answer  
 so simply and naturally, but always  
 with a happy smile, "The Model's  
 quite well, thank you."

#### CHAPTER 2.

What the publicans and licensed  
 grocers complained about was this:  
 the Postman would not come in  
 with their letters and parcels as he  
 did to all other shopmen, but stood  
 outside and knocked at their doors  
 till they came out.

And it was true. When he first  
 became postman he went in though  
 he did not like it, for indeed he  
 thought it a disgrace to any man or  
 woman to be seen crossing the  
 threshold of either the one place or  
 the other. But one day he over-  
 heard some one say to another,  
 "Don't you wish you had as good  
 an excuse as that fellow has for  
 going into a public-house under  
 pretence of being on duty as often  
 as he likes?" From that moment  
 he finally made up his mind never  
 to enter a publican's or a licensed  
 grocer's door again. So, whenever  
 he had letter or parcel to deliver he  
 stood outside and knocked; and it  
 made a great sensation both inside  
 and outside the shop. Men drink-  
 ing at the bar would say, "What's  
 that?" And the publican and the  
 licensed grocer blushed to answer  
 them. People on the street stood  
 and said, "What's the meaning of  
 that?" and when they were told,  
 some laughed, and some said, "He's  
 not far wrong!" but when others  
 mocked and said he must be  
 terribly fond of drink when he can't  
 trust himself even to hand a letter  
 to a man, they had only to look at  
 the Model. They could see that  
 that was no drunkard's face, but the  
 face of a man in whose veins the  
 blood ran sweet and clean.

## CHAPTER 3.

The publicans and licensed grocers in that quarter of the town waxed furious, of course, and held a meeting. There were over twenty of them, and a magistrate presided. Was it not a scandal, they said, that respectable men, ratepayers too, engaged in a legalised traffic, should be openly insulted before their fellow citizens, and have their business premises branded as unclean, as if they were houses in which there was some loathsome plague? One of their number, it is true, thinking for the moment that he was quoting *The Merchant of Venice* or some other play he had seen in the theatre, but really, like Caiaphas, speaking by the Holy Ghost Who brought to his mind the things he had heard his mother read from the Bible long ago, said to them, "Gentlemen, depend upon it, we shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God!" Him, however, they speedily silenced, telling him he didn't know what he was talking about, and that indeed "he knew nothing at all!" Then they passed a resolution which bound them not to answer the Postman's knock, but to compel him to give them the same postal facilities as were granted to all other citizens. Further, they pointed out, the man by his action was delaying the delivery of His Majesty's Mails and so injuring the best interests of the community and indeed of the whole Empire—that Empire whose welfare the wine-and-spirit trade had so much at heart.

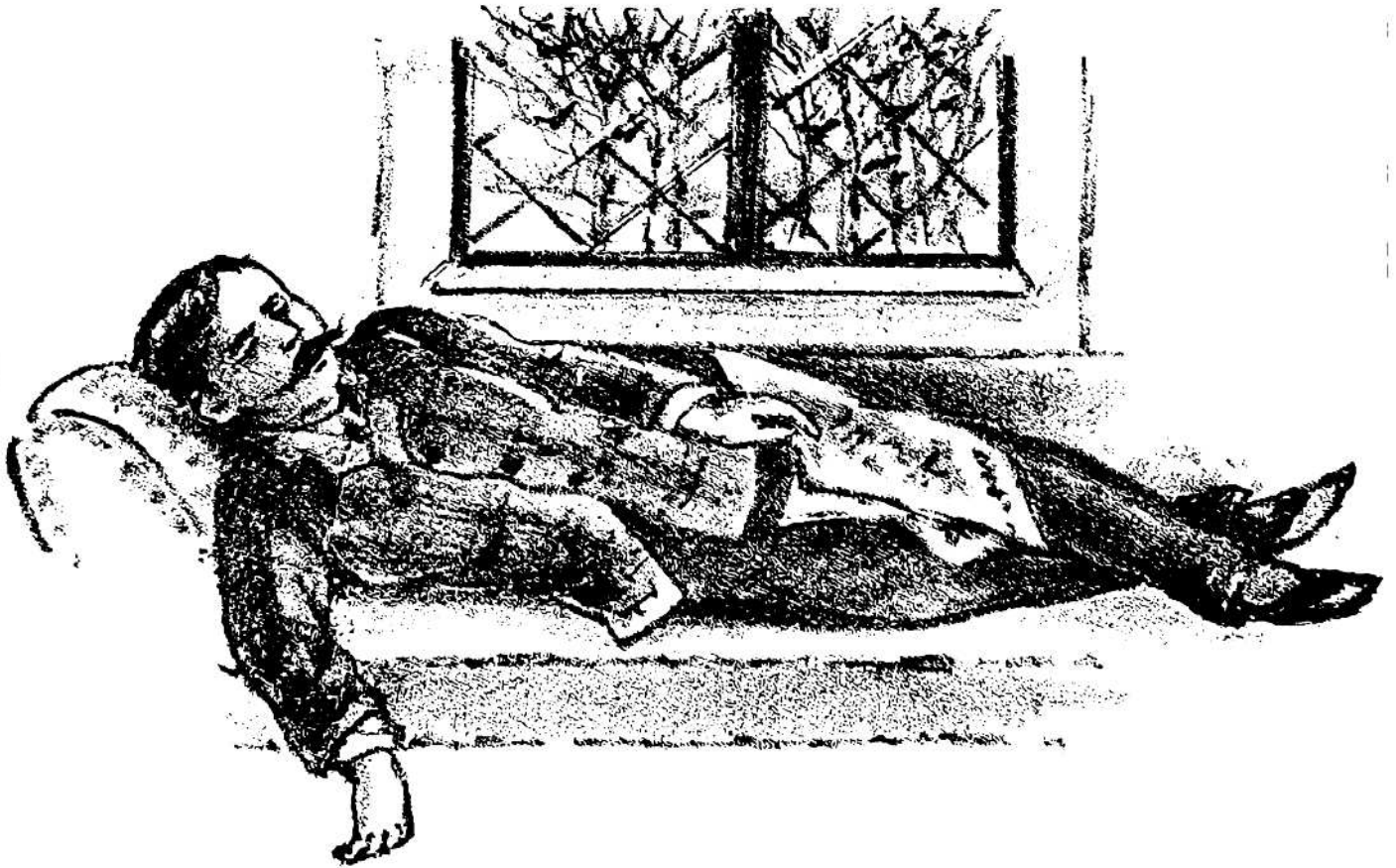
## CHAPTER 4.

But the Model soon spiked that gun. For he just tattooed at their doors all the louder, and the rat-atat made such a commotion that the neighbours and strangers and the passers-by talked about it more than ever, and several customers, thinking it was the fire-engines, bolted out of shops without paying their scores.

So the publicans and the licensed grocers were beaten again, but we'll have him, they said, when the New Year comes round. "There's a five-shilling piece waiting inside for you, but you must come for it!" they said. But that was an argument that had not the least effect upon the postman. He was not a man who cared in any case to live on "tips," he had a good wage and a steady job, he said, and a yearly increasing pay; he never took anything from any poor body, and indeed, would often take only the half of what the rich offered him. But money from people who sold drink—No! "Your riches are corrupted, your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days."

## CHAPTER 5.

And the publicans and the licensed grocers, like the chief priests and rulers to whom Peter preached repentance and remission in the Name of Jesus, are now "doubting whereunto this thing will grow."



Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 3.

*This young man has not gone to church to-day because he has heard that the Crows always begin to build their nests on the first Sabbath of March, and he wishes to know if it's true. And besides, isn't it right to study God's works? Isn't there a Psalm that says—*

*Behold, the sparrow findeth out  
An house wherein to rest ;  
The swallow also for herself  
Hath purchased a nest ?*

*Quite true ; but the same Psalm, the 84th, says also, My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord, and, A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.*

*And why did he lie in bed till half-past ten when the Crows were up hours ago ?*



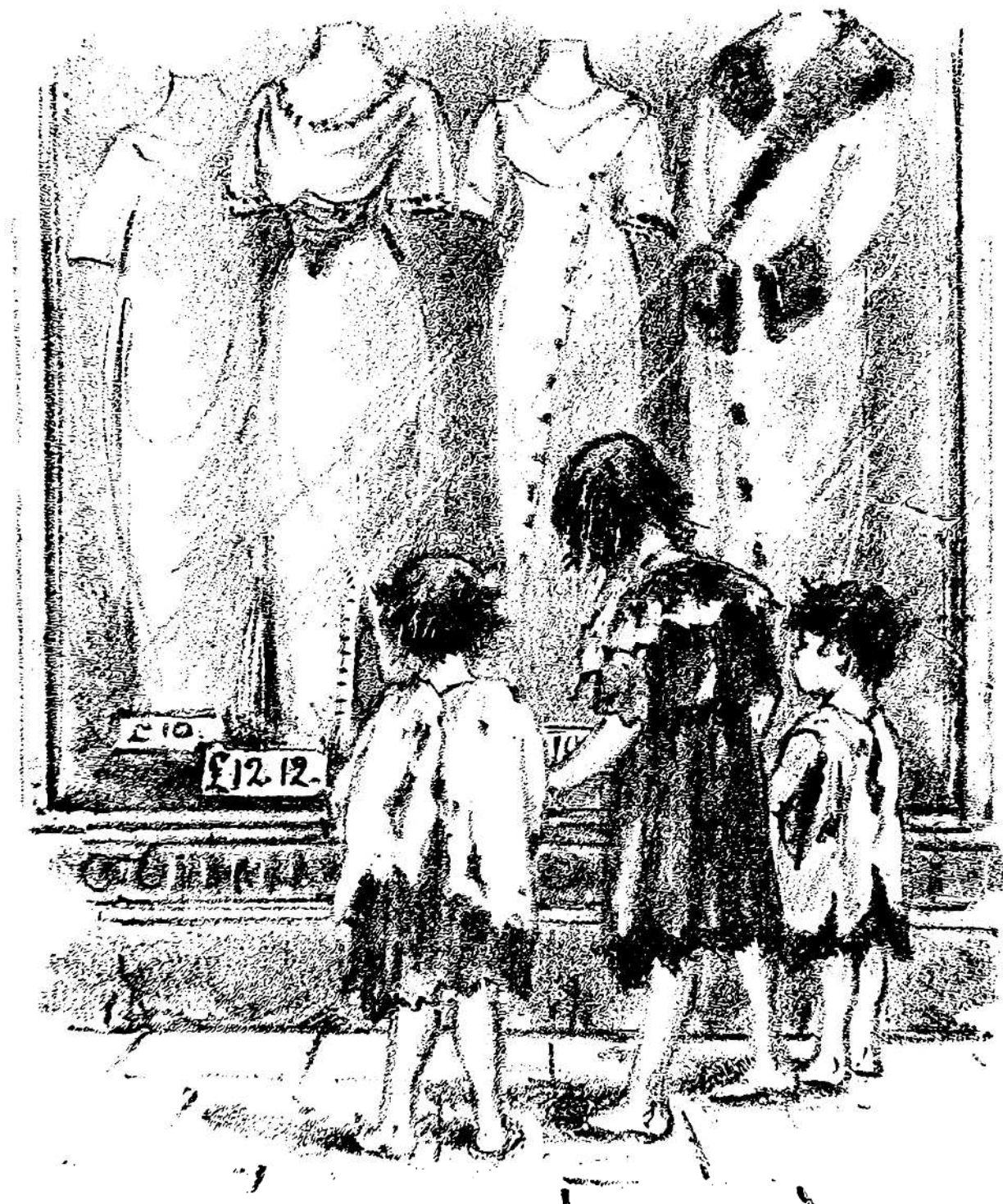
1	S	I do set My bow in the cloud.— <i>Gen. 9, 13.</i>
2	S	Be not anxious for the morrow. "No matter how dark a cloud is, it must always be treated as a distant object."— <i>Hints on Sketching from Nature by Sir H. Von Herkomer, R.A.; Fortnightly Review, Jan. 1913.</i>
3	M	For the morrow will be anxious for itself.
4	TU	Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.— <i>Matt. 6, 34. R.V.</i>
5	W	He that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.— <i>Eccl. 11, 4.</i>
6	TH	The cloud is consumed and vanisheth away.— <i>Job 7, 9.</i>
7	F	The pillar of cloud removed, and stood behind them.— <i>Ex. 14, 19.</i>
8	S	At evening time there shall be light.— <i>Zech. 14, 7.</i>
9	S	In His temple everything saith, Glory.— <i>Ps. 29, 9. R.V.</i> "Dublin, 3 April, 1756. I went to the college chapel. I never saw so much decency at any chapel in Oxford. Scarce any person stirred or coughed or spit from the beginning to the end of the service."— <i>John Wesley's Journal.</i>
10	M	The place whereon thou standest is holy ground.— <i>Ex. 3, 5.</i>
11	TU	We are all here present in the sight of God.— <i>Acts 10, 33. R.V.</i>
12	W	The ears of all the people were attentive.— <i>Nehem. 8, 3.</i>
13	TH	The eyes of all were fastened on Him.— <i>Luke 4, 20.</i>
14	F	The people all hung upon Him, listening.— <i>Luke 19, 48. R.V.</i>
15	S	My soul longeth for the courts of the Lord.— <i>Ps. 84, 2.</i>
16	S	Men loved darkness, because their deeds were evil.— <i>John 3, 19.</i>
17	M	For every one that doeth evil hateth the light. "It was Dr. Livingstone's father's habit to lock the door at dusk, by which time all the children were expected to be in the house."— <i>Dr. Blaikie.</i>
18	TU	The pestilence that walketh in darkness.— <i>Ps. 91, 6.</i>
19	W	The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in.— <i>Ps. 121, 8.</i>
20	TH	The wicked sitteth in the lurking places of the villages.— <i>Ps. 10, 8.</i>
21	F	If a man walk in the night, he stumbleth.— <i>John 11, 10.</i>
22	S	We are not of the night, nor of darkness; . . . let us watch.— <i>1 Thes. 5, 6.</i>
23	S	So Moses wrote this song, and taught it.— <i>Deut. 31, 19-22. R.V.</i>
24	M	When many troubles are come upon them, this song shall testify before them.
25	TU	David bade them teach the children the song of the bow.— <i>2 Sam. 1, 18.</i>
26	W	The oracle which Lemuel's mother taught him.— <i>Prov. 31, 1. R.V.</i> "It is certain that those of us who possess by heart a good store of scraps of noble verse are better ladies and gentlemen, other things being equal, than those of us who have none.— <i>Stephen Faget: Another Device.</i>
27	TH	The words of the wise are as goads.— <i>Eccl. 12, 11. R.V.</i>
28	F	As nails well fastened are the words of the masters of assemblies.
29	S	The Comforter shall bring all things to your remembrance.— <i>John 14, 26.</i>
30	S	Get thee unto a land that I will shew thee.— <i>Gen. 12, 1.</i>
31	M	And Abraham went out, not knowing whether he went.— <i>Heb. 11, 8.</i> Climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—beyond A hundred ever-rising mountain lines, And past the range of Night and Shadow—see The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day Strike on the Mount of Vision.— <i>Tennyson: The Ancient Sage.</i>

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 4.



*YOUNGEST SISTER: "£12 12s! Is that as much as all our clothes put together would cost?"*

*JANE ANN: "Ay, twice as much!"*

NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1912.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

—o—

*Vols. I. to XV. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1902, are out of print.*

*Vols. XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII., and XXIV., 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.*

*Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*There remaineth yet very much land  
to be possessed,—Joshua 13. 1.*

WHEN Martin Frobisher, one of the great Elizabethan seamen, set out in the *Gabriel* of 20 tons in the hope of discovering the North West Passage to the East, we are told that "he knew that to be the only thing of the world that was left yet undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate."

Perhaps there are some young people who think, now that both the North Pole and the South Pole have been discovered, that there are no more heroic tasks, or equally heroic tasks, for men to do. But just as there have been brave men since Frobisher, so there will be brave men after Nansen and Peary and Amundsen and Scott. There are vast regions of the earth's surface yet to be explored, great lakes to be discovered, mighty rivers up which no European ship has ever sailed,

and all the highest mountains in the world are yet waiting for men to stand upon their peaks. When all these things have been accomplished, there are still the seas to be bridged, and the ocean beds to be traversed, and the winds to be harnessed.

And after this world has been made subject to man, there are realms of space which man perhaps may not approach, yet into which God means him to look with wondering eyes.

But even this world itself will never be fully known. Every thought of God is a great deep. In our own day we have seen new elements discovered in the familiar air we breathe, and doubtless, all around us, there are still marvels in earth and fire and light and sound and every tree and every herb awaiting their discoverer. There will always be adventures for the adventurous,

"Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,

Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on."

As long as God gives men talents, there will be chances for trading with them. And as long as the Holy Ghost is poured out on men, there will be fruits worthy of the Spirit of all grace.

Thomas Boston, who wrote *The Fourfold State*, was afraid when he was a boy that the number of God's chosen ones, the 144,000 spoken of in the Book of Revelation, was already made up, and that he had come into the world too late. We know that to the last moment "yet there is room" for all who truly seek God's face. And just as

there will always be room for the returning sinner, there will always be a place, and a big place, for the saint that wants to work. The grandest books in the world, in theology, science, poetry, history, travel, are all yet to be written. And if any of you are looking for a

world to conquer, *there are still many languages into which the Bible has to be translated.*

That is a chance for you. And here is another: *the highest attainments in grace have all still to be reached!*

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 28.)

67th  
Birth-  
day.

From the Diary of John Wilkinson, the Jewish Missionary: "1 Dec., 1891. Sixty-seven years of age to-day. . . . Life here will soon run out. Oh that Jesus might have it all." He died 12 Feb., 1907. In his last hours amongst the things they sang to him were, "The sands of time are sinking," and Isaiah 9, 6, in Hebrew, "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given."

68th  
Birth-  
day.

From John Evelyn's Diary: "31 Oct. 1688. My birthday, being the 68th year of my age. O blessed Lord, grant that as I grow in years, so may I improve in grace. Be Thou my Protector this following year, and preserve me and mine from those dangers and great confusions that threaten a sad revolution to this sinful nation. . . . Dispose His Majesty (James II.) to listen to sober and healing counsels, that if it be Thy blessed will we may still enjoy that happy tranquillity which hitherto Thou hast continued to us! Amen! Amen!"

Five days after he writes: "I went to London, heard the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay."

On Sept. 6, 1777, Dr. Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "It is true that I have loitered, and loitered with very little pleasure. The time has run away, as most time runs, without account, without use, and without memorial. But to say this of a few weeks, though not pleasing, might be borne, but what ought to be the regret of him who, in a few days, will have so nearly the same to say of sixty-eight years? But complaint is vain."

When his birthday came, Sept. 18, he wrote: "Here is another birthday. They come very fast. I am now sixty-eight. To lament the past is vain; what remains is to look for hope in futurity." . . . "Sept. 22. Make your most of these golden years. But I am now sixty-eight. Make good use, my dear Lady, of your day of health and sprightliness. Sixty-eight is fast coming upon you; let it not find you wondering what has become of all the past." . . .



68th  
Birth-  
day.

"Oct. 25. Mrs. Aston is not worse, but she is very bad, and being, I fancy, about sixty-eight, is it likely that she will ever be better? . . . You are not yet sixty-eight, but it will come, and perhaps you may then sometimes remember me."

"Northrepps Hall, Oct. 15, 1851. This is my birthday, sixty-eight, 10 years older than either of our precious ones was. What would such a lengthened life have been had it been granted them! What labours of love, what efforts to do good and serve their Master's cause." The person who wrote that was Lady Hannah Buxton, sister of the famous Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, "the prisoners' friend," and the person to whom she wrote was her brother's wife. The two "precious ones" were their husbands, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., whose statue is in Westminster Abbey, and Mr. Joseph John Gurney, both eminent philanthropists.

"Wednesday, 29th May, 1878. My birthday. How strange are God's ways! To find myself Moderator of the Assembly seems so completely unlike anything I had thought of. These six days have been days of some difficulty and trial; but all has been a time of help. Psalm 103."—*Dr. Andrew A. Bonar.*

As life runs on the road grows strange  
With faces new, and near the end  
The milestones into headstones change,  
'Neath every one a friend.—*J. K. Lowell.*

69th  
Birth-  
day.

The day after his 69th birthday Sir Henry Taylor, K.C.M.G., poet, author of *Philip van Artevelde*, and clerk in the Colonial Office, wrote to a companion: "As to my own experience of 'the waste and injuries of time and tide,' all I have to complain of is that I have not 'two good raptures a week.' I am in the habit of doing quite as much official work as I used to do in my youth and middle age—at least I think so—and I think, too, that I do it quite as well, and moreover quite as quickly. What I have lost is the state, intermittent of course, but not infrequent, indeed almost daily in my youth and middle age, of a sort of intellectual and imaginative luxuriousness, and sometimes active, sometimes abandoned to itself, something attended by

Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought  
Industrious in its joy,

sometimes seeming too delightful to be put to any purpose whatever, poetical or prosaic. That is gone and hardly a hint of it remains."

It is not very easy on first sight to know whether Sir Henry was to be condoled with or congratulated on the loss of this something, whatever it was, but a man near seventy ought to have two good raptures every day in the week, when he shows forth God's loving kindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night. "For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the works of Thy hands. O Lord, how great are Thy works! and Thy thoughts are very deep."



April Showers.





## The Elephant and the Crocodile.

*Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder.—Ps. 19, 13.*

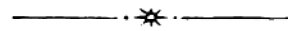
**M**EN who go hunting after elephants are sometimes snapped at, unexpectedly, by crocodiles. But sometimes the elephant avenges man and teaches Mr. Crocodile a lesson.

Mr. Daniel Crawford the missionary explorer gives a curious instance of this in his recent book.

"The elephants," he says, "came down one night in the tropical effulgence of moonlight to bathe in the fen-marshes, their gleeful splashing quite lively. Timid little baby calves shrinking on the edge and refusing to plunge, the mother coming up and squirting a shower-bath as their share in the fun. Comical little rogues these, standing about four feet high, their skin falling in folds and far too big for them. There they are, looking exactly like a dozen youngsters wearing the coats and trousers of their elder brothers. This submerged marsh, however, be it noted, is alive with 'crocs,' and these reptiles quite coolly begin to nip poor Jumbo's toes, forgetful of the fact that Jumbo's trunk is Jumbo's glory. At any rate, vengeance falls like a bolt from the blue, for, smacking like a long whip, down comes that elephant's trunk, twisting round the crocodile's tail, and—tableau! With one half-shriek, half-squeak, the long greenish-yellow croc is sent flying over the marsh—flop!—splash! thirty yards off. That deft tight grip the tusker took of the

huge reptile's tail, and the way in the moonlight he waved it theatrically aloft like the figure-of-eight smack of a whip, doubtless made that crocodile unto the third and fourth generation resolve never again to nibble at an elephant's toes."

Now that is the way we should deal with temptation. When evil thoughts come to us and begin their nibbling with our minds and hearts we should cast them out and hurl them from us, and when they come back—for they will come back, not once or twice, but hundreds of times—we must just say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and fling them away again. "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity: for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping. All mine enemies shall be ashamed and sore vexed: they shall turn back, they shall be ashamed suddenly."

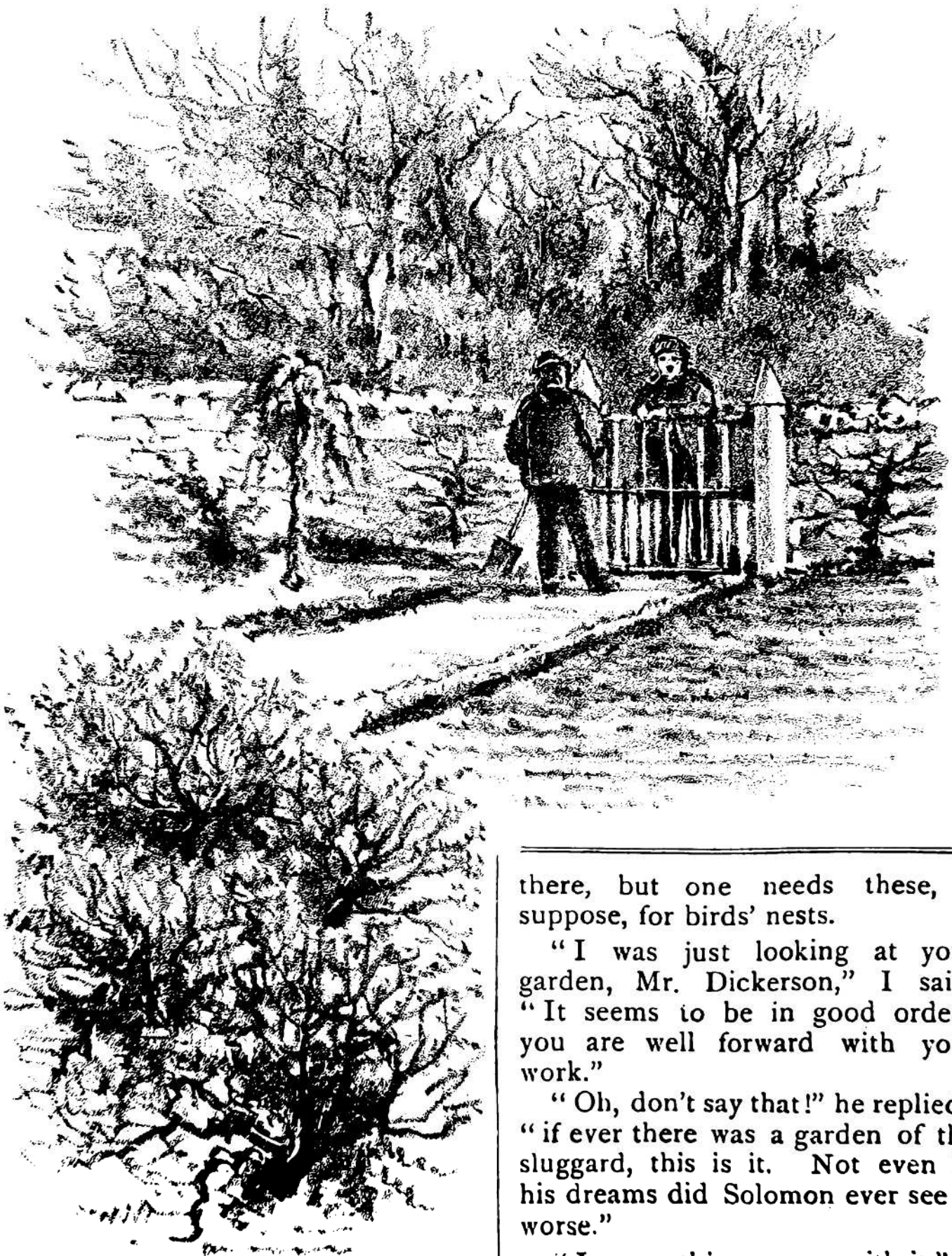


## The Sluggard's Garden.

*I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding.—Prov, 24, 30.*

**V**ERY few passers-by would ever think of using these words about Mr. Dickerson's garden. The slothful man's field is all grown over with thorns, and nettles cover the face thereof, and its stone wall is all broken down. But there was neither a nettle nor any other weed in Mr. Dickerson's little plot of ground, so far as I could see, when I passed by it the other day. The dyke, it is true, had cracks and crevices and holes in it here and





there, but one needs these, I suppose, for birds' nests.

"I was just looking at your garden, Mr. Dickerson," I said. "It seems to be in good order; you are well forward with your work."

"Oh, don't say that!" he replied; "if ever there was a garden of the sluggard, this is it. Not even in his dreams did Solomon ever see a worse."

"I see nothing wrong with it," I said, "and neither does any other

body, I am sure. Indeed, it was only yesterday I heard a man say that yours was the tidiest looking bit of ground he had seen. We were talking about the wild weather we have had, and the havoc the storms had made."

"Ay," said Mr. Dickerson, "but, as Paul said, it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment. No matter what you or any other man may say, I know better; this *is* the sluggard's garden, and no mistake."

"How so?" I said.

"You see all these emptyspaces?" he replied.

"Yes, I did notice one or two of them, but I've no doubt there's a reason for them, and a good one, too."

"Ay, there's a reason, but it's not a good one; it's a bad one, and just about as bad a one as there could be. It's a year ago last August since I cleared all these bits of ground. There were several old useless bushes and shrubs of different kinds, and I rooted them up to put gooseberry bushes in their stead; that was twenty months ago; and somehow the time slipped past, and I didn't put the new ones in, and mind you, I had spoken about them to a nurseryman and had fixed on the different kinds I wished——"

"What were they?" I asked.

"Oh, there were half-a-dozen different kinds, and more; sulphurs, and Warringtons, and green-what-d'ye-call-them's, but I forget all their names, only they were all strongly recommended, as I told you. But I put off, and put off, and then

spring time came, and it was too late. But as I didn't wish the ground to be idle I determined to put in some rows of sweet peas, but I was too late with them, and though they looked as if they were going to flower—and indeed I think with another week of good weather there would have been a fine show—they all came to nothing. So I hauled them up, and went to the nurseryman's again, and he said I was in fine time, if anything, rather early; so I waited a few weeks, and then the bad weather began, and you know the winter we have had. But they told me the beginning of the year would do, and still the bad weather continued and lumbago attacked me—you know what lumbago is?—and now I'm too late again, and that's another year that I have missed. And when other people are having a fine 'ingathering of the harvest' as the Bible calls it—I remember our old minister once preached on that text—there will be no harvest for me but one of vexation and shame and regret. Am I not right in calling myself a sluggard? And the worst of it is that that same fault goes through the whole of my life and all that I do, or rather mean to do. What a lot of letters I have put off answering! What a lot of visits I have been always going to make! What a lot of books I meant to read! And what bundles of papers I must get rid of, only I must glance over them first! I don't know where to begin and how I am to undertake all these arrears, seeing every day provides work enough for itself, fairly beats me."

"Ah well, Mr. Dickerson," I said, "I fear I am in the same condemnation. I've a bundle of letters on my desk and inside my desk that I ought to have replied to myself long ago. There are many of them I don't know how to reply to, but as the Duke of Wellington once said to Queen Victoria, if one can't answer them, one should at least acknowledge the receipt of them. And I'll do that this very day."

\* \* \* \* \*

And I'm glad to say that by God's grace I found time to answer two at dinner time, and a lot more after tea, and I felt when I lay down that night as if my hands were a bit cleaner, and I slept, and my sleep was sweet to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; . . . then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction."

### Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 4

*This is Danny Pheedran, the Great Danny Pheedran, the International Association Goalkeeper who effected, in presence of 40,000 spectators, though Danny himself says there were 50,000, what the papers call three SUPER-HUMAN SAVES at a match the other day. You see him cutting out the paragraphs about himself in last week's papers to paste into an album. But he is a little cast-down because there are only 171½ lines about him—Danny is not very good at counting, but he thinks it is 171½—and the week before there were 203¼, and there are only 3 snapshots of him as against 5.*

*The last time he was in church was at an Ordination Soiree last summer to which his good old auntie in the country begged him to go. He was a good deal annoyed that nobody seemed to know him—not that he cared for that in the very least—oh no!—for they are not a very intelligent set of people in that neighbourhood, he says—but what provoked him most was the way the young minister, who is a great Greek scholar—he got the "Gaisford" at Oxford—was praised by his fellow students. Danny says he doesn't see how it can be good for any man to be so much made of, and certainly he ought to know. N.B.—The newspaper account of the Ordination took up 13 lines, and all that was said about the young minister was that he was cordially received by an audience which fairly filled the centre area of the church.*

*N.B.B.—The 6th edition of "All about Pheedran," price One Penny, is now ready.*







- 1 TU Stir up the gift of God which is in thee.—*1 Tim. 1, 6.*  
 2 W He teacheth my hands . . . and my fingers.—*Ps. 144, 1.*  
 3 TH Trade ye herewith. *Luke 19, 13. R.V.* “I often see myself described as a ‘natural’ golfer. I can only say that in my younger days I practised as assiduously as anybody in the land. Not one of my shots came to me as a gift pure and simple. For two or three years after I became a professional I was always experimenting and thinking out fresh methods of making strokes.”—*How to Play Golf by Harry Vardon, 5 times Open Champion.*  
 4 F Be not sluggish, but—*Heb. 6, 12. R.V.*  
 5 S Imitators of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.
- 
- 6 S Ye have thrust with side and shoulder.—*Ezek. 34, 21.*  
 7 M Sit not down in the chief seat.—*Luke 14, 8. R.V.*  
 8 TU In honour preferring one another.—*Rom. 12, 10.*  
 9 W Support the weak.—*1 Thess. 5, 14.* “The great ships shall have a special regard not to calm the smaller.”—*Earl of Essex: Instructions to the Fleet, 1596.*  
 10 TH Giving honour . . . unto the weaker vessel.—*1 Pet. 3, 7.*  
 11 F Love seeketh not its own.—*1 Cor. 13, 5. R.V.*  
 12 S Not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of the many.—*Ch. 10, 33. R.V.*
- 
- 13 S To seek of God a straight way for our little ones.—*Ezra 8, 21. R.V.*  
 14 M In the morning sow thy seed.—*Ecc. 11, 6.* “9 Feb., 1838. I asked how So-and-so came to be a Tory, and who made her so. Lord Melbourne said, “I think her nurse; people generally get their ideas that way.”—*Queen Victoria's Journals.*  
 15 TU Teach these words diligently unto thy children,  
 16 W Talk of them when thou sittest in thine house,  
 17 TH And when thou walkest by the way,  
 18 F When thou liest down, and when thou risest up.—*Deut. 6, 7.*  
 19 S Be instant in season, out of season.—*2 Tim. 4, 2.*
- 
- 20 S Jesus saith, Children, have ye any meat?  
 21 M Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine.—*John 21, 4-13.*  
 22 TU If any man open the door, I will sup with him.—*Rev. 3, 20.*  
 23 W Using hospitality one to another without murmuring.—*1 Pet. 4, 9. R.V.*  
 24 TH I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in.—*Matt. 25, 43.*  
 25 F If I have eaten my morsel myself alone.—*Job 31, 17.* “The native word for a criminal means Mr. Eat-alone. Such a one is a thief and has gone over to the wild beasts. The lower animals never invite each other to dinner—on the contrary!”—*Thinking Black by Daniel Crawford, F.R.C.S.*  
 26 S Compel them to come in, that My house may be filled.—*Luke 14, 23.*
- 
- 27 S The Lord will take me up.—*Ps. 27, 10.* “A few days after my wife was born, her dying mother, being asked who was to take charge of her baby, whispered—‘God.’”—*Life of Margaret Ethel Macdonald by J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.*  
 28 M The grave of my mother.—*2 Sam. 19, 37.*  
 29 TU O Lord God, Thou art my trust from my youth.—*Ps. 71, 5.*  
 30 W He will be our guide even unto death.—*Ps. 48, 14.*

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 5.



*"Now, don't run away! This is the First of May, and you must  
it on this Daisy Chain that we have made for you."*

NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1912.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Vols. I. to XV. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1902, are out of print.*

*Vols. XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII., and XXIV., 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.*

*Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*Thou hast taught in our streets—  
Luke 13, 26.*

THERE was once a keeper of a museum, they say, who told all his visitors, and told them more than once, that he had a "brother-in-law who was haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon." That was one of the outstanding facts of his life. And I confess I can't blame him. To be often visited and to be always trusted by such a man as Mr. Spurgeon, to have frequent business dealings with him, was a great honour and a great opportunity. A cheery, wise, and honest shop-keeper can add much to the joy of life. A great man's valet, a great woman's "little maid," if they bear themselves well, are sure of a niche in the temple of fame.

In one of my classes in the old College in the High Street of Glasgow, we had for one of our fellow-students a son of Dr. Livingstone's. At the close of the session the

students were choosing some of their number for some purpose or other, and I remember the thrill of pleasure that passed through me when young Livingstone voted for me. I felt like Corp Shiach in the story, who, when the woman who was to become his wife accepted him, spoke to strangers, to tell them that Gavinia was to have him. People even imitated him by gathering their fowls together, and saying to them, "Hens, I didna bring you here to feed you, but just to tell you that Gavinia is to ha'e me!" Even so I was so much uplifted that it seemed to me to matter little whether I was amongst the chosen few or not; it was enough for that day that Dr. Livingstone's son had actually pronounced my name; it was something that I should have been justified in telling every one I met or passed.

But if it is an honour to be named by those who themselves bear an honoured name, it is also an honour to name them in turn. And every honour, as poor General Skobelev used to say to the Russian soldiers who were decorated, "constitutes an obligation." To know something—however little—about Livingstone, is to know much about God, and surely to know God is to love God and Jesus Christ Whom He has sent. To know, and especially to praise a good man, and yet not follow in his steps, is just to say to Christ, "Thou hast taught in our streets, but I do not believe one word Thou sayest." And is it possible that any of us should be saying that to Him Who is the Amen, the Faithful and True?

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 52.)

69th  
Birth-  
day.

Baron Bunsen, a German scholar and diplomatist, Prussian Ambassador for some time in London, celebrated his 69th and last birthday at Bonn, August 25, 1860. Four family portraits which had unexpectedly arrived were hung up in his room and decked with green branches and wreathed with flowers. His son Henry, a minister, spoke a few words on the family motto, *In silentio et spe*, "In quietness and confidence" shall be your strength, Isaiah 30, 15, and then pronounced Aaron's blessing, Numbers 6, 24, 25, 26, The Lord bless thee and keep thee. Then the Baron himself rose, and said, "One thing I know for certain, that if in the counsel of God it is good for me, this will not be my last birthday celebration; but if God does call me, I shall joyfully obey His summons and depart this life." Then he spoke a little about the hero Garibaldi and the great days that he hoped were in store for Italy, that Italy whose welfare was dear to his heart. He died three months afterwards.

In October, 1869, Dr. John Todd, an American divine, author of *The Student's Manual*, wrote to a friend: "You know that I have entered upon my 70th year, and the last of my active ministry. It is a dreary, sad spot to reach, but I do hope I shall have grace to behave right." To another friend he said: "At the close of this year before I get old and foolish, and not able to tell when my faculties decay, I am going to lay down my burdens and retire from my responsibilities."

A long time ago I told you about an American minister, Charles Stoddart, 1802-1872, a man who came of a famous family, who promised his little grandson a blue snow-sledge as soon as he could say the 55th of Isaiah perfectly off by heart. Here is a letter he wrote to his own brother:—"My dear Brother W.,—Probably you may remember the return of your birthday, and be aware that you now enter upon your 70th year. I presume you do not feel anything like as old as you have done at earlier periods of your history. However this may be, I come to congratulate you on attaining so respectable an age, and to sing with you—

Thus far the Lord hath led you on,  
Thus far His power prolongs my days;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

I think you sing better than I, for I do not as yet sing any; but I hope to learn some of the tunes which fill with delight the holy throng above. . . . Let us not feel that we must retire from active labour, but continue to do with our might what our hands find to do for the spread of the gospel and the glory of Christ, knowing that the time must be short. *And let us report to each other as we journey on.*"



69th  
Birth-  
day.

On December 16, 1901, Sir Leslie Stephen, an eminent literary man, writing to a friend who had given him a book to read, said it had made him feel so ignorant that for a moment he "resolved to take up mediæval philosophy and jurisprudence. Happily I remembered that a few day ago I began my 70th year, and must be content to begin nothing."

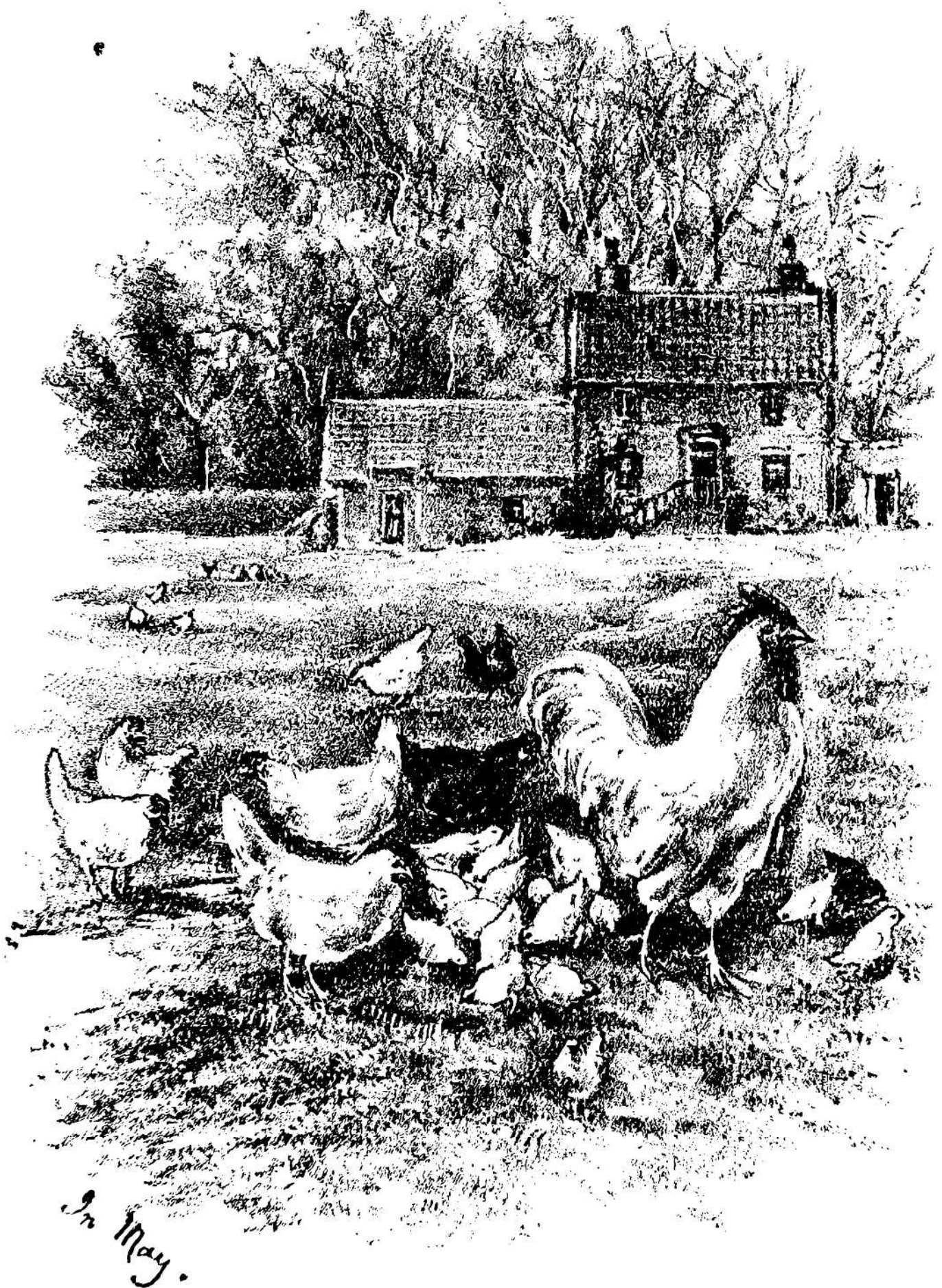
70th  
Birth-  
day.

This was Dr. Samuel Johnson's prayer on his 70th birthday, September 18, 1779: "Almighty God, Creator of all things, in Whose hands are life and death, glory be to Thee for all Thy mercies, and for the prolongation of my life to the common age of man. Pardon me, O gracious God, all the offences which in the course of seventy years I have committed against Thy holy laws, and all negligences of those duties which Thou hast required. . . . Enable me to pass the days which Thou shalt yet vouchsafe to grant me, in Thy fear, and to Thy glory; and accept, O Lord, the remains of a misspent life, that when Thou shalt call me to another state, I may be received to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"I wish to be quiet on Monday." So wrote Dr. Pusey, a well-known Church of England Minister, to a friend on Thursday, 18 August, 1870. That Monday was his 70th birthday. He lived twelve years after that.

Mr. J. R. Lowell, the American writer and statesman, reached his 70th birthday on February 22, 1889. Here are some extracts from letters written to friends on the occasion: "A rain of flowers came down on me yesterday as on a virgin-martyr, and the hard seventieth step of my climb was velveted with them." . . . "If I should see you this afternoon, and you should observe a pinch of condescension in my manner, you will bear with it when I tell you that I was listening to my own praises for two hours last night at a dinner given in my honour—and have hardly yet got used to the discovery of how great a man I am. A poison, you know may be distilled from laurel leaves, and I think the very smell of them goes to the head. But, after all, *everybody* isn't seventy, and there is a certain promotion from the mob in that!" . . . "I have been forging over the reef of my seventieth birthday into the smooth water beyond without much damage to my keel, so far as I can discover. . . . I was dined on my birthday, and praised to an extent that would have satisfied you, most partial even of your sex. But somehow I liked it, and indeed none but a pig could have helped liking the affectionate way it was done. I suppose it is a sign of weakness in me somewhere, but I can't help it. I *do* like to be liked. . . . It is very droll to be seventy. Don't scold me for it—I'll never do it again; but I don't feel any older, and I'm sure I don't feel any wiser than I did before. 'Tis a little depressing to be reminded that one has lived so long and done so little. When I measure the length with the achievement there is a horrible overlapping."

Mr. Lowell died two years after.



*In May.*

## "Go to Jericho!"

*Thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window which thou didst let us down by.—Joshua 2, 18.*

### CHAPTER I.

THE Misses Plenderleith were neat and orderly in all they did. If they had to go out even for an hour or two they would tidy up their room and put every book and paper past. "We don't know who might be calling or waiting for us when we come back," they would say to one another. On the week of our story they purposed going up to town on Tuesday to buy some things for the party of friends they hoped to entertain on the Thursday. On the Monday they spent four or five hours cutting the grass on the croquet-green in front of their house with their lawn-mower. It was a fairly large green, 30 yards square, and as they were rather elderly and very particular in all they did, that is why they took so long.

"Now if we could just have got a man to roll it for an hour, the green would look lovely, wouldn't it?" Fortunately for them that Monday and Tuesday happened to be school holidays for some reason or other, and so they asked Mrs Fergus, a young widow of five-and-thirty, if her son Johnnie would be able and willing to roll their lawn for them for an hour or two any time on Tuesday after breakfast, and they would give him sixpence for it, and their cook would give him a plate of broth at mid-day.

Johnnie of course was delighted and was there at 9 o'clock, in time

to see the ladies and get instructions before they went away.

### CHAPTER 2.

Working with the roller was great fun to him, and he set off very briskly. But the ground was a little hard and lumpy, and after a time he saw that though it would be harder work to roll more slowly, the work would be better done; the weight of the roller would tell the more.

At 10.25 two slaters, Englishmen, resumed their labours on the roof, and having lighted their pipes began to watch the little fellow down below. "Doesn't he know how to do it?" one of them said. "We couldn't spin the time out better ourselves. A slower rate of moving I've never seen in my life, barring a snail, unless at a bicycling tournament." But when they quizzed him about it and learned his real reason for what he did, they changed their minds. "He's got a head on him, he has, I tell you, Charlie. No wonder these Scotties become foremen and Prime Ministers."

So they continued watching him, and admiring the neat way he marked off the ground with little twigs every time he turned the roller to come the other way. "Science is measurement, is science; ain't it, Charlie?"

At 11.30 the two men began to long for their beer, if "began" is a proper word to use for that which with them never seemed to end and therefore never needed to begin. It was the hottest day of the season, and lying basking on a house's roof





doing nothing is tiring work. Presently it occurred to Charlie that, if only they had a string long

enough, they could let down one of their cans, and send the little youngster to the nearest public-



house which was scarcely half-a-mile away. For such a purpose the ropes they had were too thick and grimy. And they did not wish to come down themselves if they could help it.

So they called to him to go in and ask the cook with their compliments for as much string as would reach to them from the ground—a pretty stoutish bit.

The Misses Plenderleith had a drawer in one of their presses in which they kept little bits of string of all kinds neatly wound up, and presently the cook and Johnnie were knotting together some lengths of old red window-cord. Then the slaters lowered a rope, and after hauling up the cord lowered it again with the tin-pitcher fastened to it and  $3\frac{1}{2}$ d inside. "Fetch us  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d worth of beer, and there's a penny to yourself, and if the man asks how old you are, tell him you've come to years of discretion—anything from fourteen up to one-and-twenty. And look smart, gardener; mind it's not a roller you are trundling this time; we'll leave this red cord hanging till you come back; and do the best you can for us."

And Johnnie said, "I will." For, while he was thinking what to do and what to say to them—he had never been inside a public-house door in his life, his mother having taught him that it was both a sin and a disgrace even to be seen entering a public-house, no matter what one's errand was—the ringing of a milkman's bell showed him his way, showed him *the way*, out of the temptation.

### CHAPTER 3.

"Twopence ha'penny worth of milk, please, and as good as you can give it me. It's for two slaters on Miss Plenderleith's roof along there."

"I'm thinking," said the young farmer, a very decent lad, "I'm thinking it wasn't this sort of stuff they sent you for, but we must do our very best for them"; and with that he gave Johnnie not only good measure but a little cream extra into it.

Then Johnnie came back, and having tied the penny in a piece of paper and fastened it and the pitcher to the cord, gave the signal, "Haul away!" and ran off to his work at the roller.

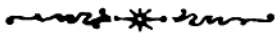
### CHAPTER 4.

And weren't the two men angry when they saw how they were sold! but in a little, being merry Englishmen, they laughed, and then they drank the milk, and called it good, and lowered Johnnie's share, and asked him the why and wherefore of all this. And Johnnie told them what his mother taught him, and added further that it would have been a fearful thing to use a red cord for sending up drink with, the very kind of cord that they read about in the Bible about the walls of Jericho.

But the Englishmen had never heard of Jericho in that connexion, and as they didn't know where to find the story, they got the cook to read it to them. They were a little unwilling at first to listen, but when she pointed out to them that they

might well hear a chapter read seeing they got elevenpence an hour for it, they agreed to submit, though they thought that for such extra hard work their pay should be at the rate of time-and-a-half at the very least.

But they never forgot the story and they told it to their mates, so that for many a day, whenever one of them proposed to adjourn for a drink, or send for one, it was enough to say—"Now, look here! you go to Jericho!"



*"Any company is good enough for a man when he is taking drink."*

THAT is what a young fellow said lately when a friend spoke to him about some "low characters" he was going about with. "They are not in the least like you; why don't you choose company liker yourself?" And that was his answer: '*ANY* company is good enough for a man when he is taking drink."

Oh in how many ways that is true! One sees a clever man, a man whose ordinary talk bears all the marks of a cultivated mind, a man who, whether he speak or keep silence, shows he has that capability and godlike reason that prove him a being of large discourse, looking before and after; and yet, when that man has taken a little drink, the enemy he puts into his mouth steals away his brains. One would think that no man who has once listened to two drunk men talking would ever run the risk of making

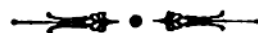
himself such a fool as he sees each of them to be.

A man when he takes drink makes himself fit for any kind of sin. He will do things so low, so cruel, so devilish, that one would say the very thought of them could not possibly have come into his mind. He will curse his mother, and beat his wife, and shame himself in his children's eyes, and fling away his reputation before all men and women.

A man who takes drink condones every act that ever was done by a drunken man. Most drunkards boast that whatever they do when they are the worse of drink, there is always, "Thank God!" they say, some particular thing they never have done, and never will do; some particular depth of infamy or beastliness they have never fallen into yet. Even if that were always true—and it isn't, for there are drunkards who can't remember what they have done or where they have been—the man who drinks entertains a devil, and not unawares; he shelters an enemy that has been since the beginning a traitor to God and man. The man who drinks and reads in his newspaper about men who are dragged helpless by policemen through the streets, or left lying in swinish slumber on the floor of a prison cell, or reads about men in history who have gone "to their own place," says more or less deliberately—"I am one of that lot, I belong to their company, I too am prepared to make my bed in hell, that hell that is prepared for the devil and his angels."

Surely the man or woman who sees all that, who has tasted the powers of the world to come, who has had a look into that outer darkness, and yet has been so enlightened, and been so made a partaker of the Holy Ghost as to say like Balaam, Alas, who shall live when God doeth this?—surely such a one should say, “Did I hear you speak of the Holy Ghost? is it the Holy Ghost that is speaking to me now?—then I have not yet been utterly cast out of the sight of that Three One God Whose last words to me the last time I was in His house were these: ‘The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion, the fellowship, the company, of the Holy Ghost, be with you always.’ To that, by His grace I will say, Amen. That is the company a poor sinner like me needs. Lord, gather not my soul with sinners; bind my soul in the bundle of life; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow; redeem me, and be merciful

unto me, and my foot shall stand in an even place; in the congregations will I bless the Lord. No other company will do for me than that. *FOR EVER WITH THE LORD!* Amen, so shall it be!”



*“All food should be eaten in remembrance of Me.”—Ruskin.*

**S**ONTOKO NINOMIYA, a Japanese poor wise man, 1787-1856, said one evening to his disciples: “When people are in utter want and do not know where their next meal is to come from, they go out to beg some food; but at such a time they do not think of washing up their soiled dishes. This is wrong. Washing dishes is not to be done merely that they may be used again; it is also an act of gratitude for the service they have given. Though he have nothing more to eat, let a man clean his dishes and then starve.” — *A Peasant Sage of Japan, by Tadasu Yoshimoto.*

### Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 5.

*This young Farmer, who went twice from home last week with an easy mind because everything about his place is fully insured—though the weather forecast was, “Wind strong, south-westerly gales”—and is going away again to-morrow though the papers yesterday said the weather would be unsettled and stormy for the next 48 hours, has not gone to church to-day, because it would be very awkward if the wind carried his stacks away. “Just look,” he says, “at the number of storms we have had all winter, ever since November, and think of the disastrous floods they have had lately in the United States.”*





1	TH	He causeth the grass to grow.— <i>Ps. 104, 14.</i>
2	F	If God so clothe the grass.— <i>Matt. 6, 30.</i> "Let the student of painting not shirk the green of summer; it is so joyous and lovable in nature, and should be reflected in art."— <i>Sir H. Von Herkomer.</i>
3	S	He commanded to make all sit down upon the green grass.— <i>Mark 6, 39.</i>
4	S	The swallow hath found a nest, even Thine altars.— <i>Ps. 84, 3.</i>
5	M	Let man and beast cry mightily unto God.— <i>Jonah 3, 8.</i>
6	TU	Every beast of the forest is Mine.— <i>Ps. 50, 10.</i>
7	W	There shall not an hoof be left behind.— <i>Ex. 10, 26.</i> "20 years ago, as the British Squadron was steaming out of Chesoo, a little black cat fell overboard from H.M.S. Wanderer. At once the ship stopped, signalled 'cat overboard,' and the whole squadron came to a standstill. A boat put off from the Wanderer and rescued puss, who was swimming for dear life after the ship."— <i>The Spectator, March 22, 1913.</i>
8	TH	They brought the colt to Jesus.— <i>Mark 11, 7.</i>
9	F	I have commanded the ravens.— <i>1 Kings 17, 4.</i>
10	S	I will make a covenant with the creeping things.— <i>Hosea 2, 18.</i>
11	S	Jesus continued all night in prayer unto God.— <i>Luke 6, 12.</i>
12	M	It is good to draw near to God.— <i>Ps. 73, 28.</i>
13	TU	Isaac went out to meditate at eventide.— <i>Gen. 24, 63.</i>
14	W	The evening sacrifice.— <i>Ps. 141, 2.</i> "Every ship shall, towards the evening, seek to come as near as conveniently she may to speak with the Admiral of the Squadron, to know his pleasure, what course he will keep."— <i>The Earl of Essex' Instructions, 1596.</i>
15	TH	The Apostles gathered unto Jesus, and told Him all things.— <i>Mark 6, 30.</i>
16	F	It is good to shew Thy faithfulness every night.— <i>Ps. 92, 2.</i>
17	S	I remember Thee upon my bed.— <i>Ps. 63, 6.</i>
18	S	I am a companion of all them that fear Thee.— <i>Ps. 119, 63.</i>
19	M	Jonathan strengthened David's hand in God.— <i>1 Sam. 23, 16.</i>
20	TU	He took his journey into a far country.— <i>Luke 15, 13.</i> "The most dangerous thing in the world is to get off where nobody knows you."— <i>The New Freedom: by Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States.</i>
21	W	Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom.— <i>Gen. 13, 12.</i>
22	TH	Jonah rose up to flee from the presence of the Lord.— <i>Jonah 1, 3.</i>
23	F	He waiteth for the twilight, saying, No eye shall see me.— <i>Job 24, 15.</i>
24	S	Judas then went immediately out: and it was night.— <i>John 13, 30.</i>
25	S	I know thy poverty (but thou art rich).— <i>Rev. 2, 9.</i>
26	M	Be ambitious to work.— <i>1 Thess. 4, 11, R.V. Margin.</i> "I spoke at a school not long ago where almost all were the sons of very rich people. I told them I looked on them with a great deal of pity. 'Most of you fellows,' I said, 'are doomed to obscurity. You will not do anything. You will never try to do anything.'"— <i>President Woodrow Wilson.</i>
27	TU	Soul, thou hast much goods laid up; take thine ease.— <i>Luke 12, 19.</i>
28	W	I will punish the men that are settled on their lees.— <i>Zeph. 1, 12.</i>
29	TH	Moab hath been at ease from his youth.— <i>Jer. 48, 11.</i>
30	F	And hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel;
31	S	Therefore I will send unto him them that pour off.— <i>R.V.</i>

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 6.

"Manners Makyth Man."



"Why didn't you take off your hat to that lady when I did it?"  
David (after thinking): "Daddy, has your hat got a 'lastic on it?"

NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1912.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Vols. I. to XV. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1902, are out of print.*

*Vols. XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII., and XXIV., 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.

Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.

London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

## The Horns of the Altar.

*The horns thereof shall be of the same.—Ex. 30, 2. (The horns thereof shall be of one piece with it—Revised Version).*

ONE day lately I saw a man tugging away at a great rate at the loops that were attached to a life-buoy.

"You look as if you were trying to break them," I said.

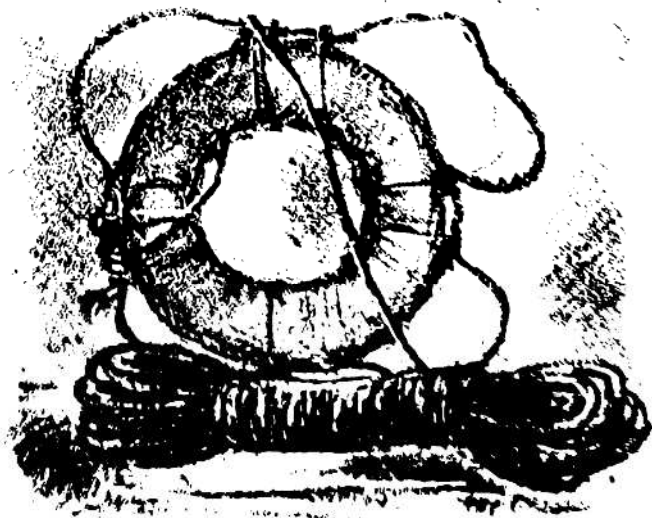
"Yes," he said, "that's just what I'm trying to do, only I hope they won't break; I'm testing them." Then he added, "You have no idea of the fierceness with which a drowning man clutches at anything that comes near him; he flings his whole weight and strength at it; and if any drowning man were to clutch at one of these loops, I should not like it to come away in his hand. That would be clutching at a straw with a vengeance."

The horns of an altar were

projections at the corners to which the victim for sacrifice was tied. They were also meant to be grasped by any poor creature who came running for shelter. If they had been movable ornaments, they might for the moment have been amissing, or if they were only fastened on, however securely, they might come away in his hand. But as they were to be of one piece with the altar, part and parcel of it so to speak, they could not possibly give way unless the whole altar gave way.

They say the Prince Imperial of France might have escaped with his life when the Zulus, thirty-four years ago on the first of this month, rushed out from their ambush with their assegais, had not the flap of his saddle given way when he was trying to vault on to his horse's back.

No man who takes hold of God will ever be confounded or put to shame. The promises are all Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus. If even one of them gave way, His whole throne, His kingdom, His very existence, would give way too, for they are all "of one piece."



## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 52.)

70th  
Birth-  
day.

"March 13, 1834. I went to Lady Grey's assembly. Lord Grey was on that day seventy years of age. I said a few words to him on the occasion. 'Yes,' said he 'many gone and few to come.'" Lord Grey was Prime Minister in 1830. He died in 1845.—*Lord Broughton's Recollections.*

George Bancroft, the American Historian, 1800-1891, writing to a friend from Berlin in 1870, says: "This 3rd of October I am threescore years and ten. I have invited a large party of my Berlin friends to sup with me, and I hope with plenty of good talk on their part to keep my guests well employed till after mid-night. Among them all there will not be one as old as I; and this distinction which they cannot dispute, no one of them will envy."

Three days before, in a letter to Bismarck, he used these words — "Old age, which is always nearest eternity."

On November 16, 1881, John Bright, in replying to an address presented to him on his 70th birthday, used these words: "At threescore-and-ten a man is inducted into the order of old men."

John Bright, says Goldwin Smith in his *Reminiscences*, was very fond of Milton, both on poetical and political grounds. "He thought him the greatest of Englishmen, because he was so great at once as a man of letters and as a citizen. On his seventieth birthday, when his friends were sending him presents, I got a copy of the Baskerville Milton printed at Birmingham, for which he was then member, and wrote his own words on the fly-leaf."

In April, 1896, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the distinguished diplomatist, wrote: "My term comes to an end on the 21st of June, when the clock will have struck seventy."

At a banquet given him in Paris, on June 2, he said: "I cannot complain of the rule which fixes the age at which I have arrived as the epoch for the compulsory retirement of Ambassadors. My only doubt is whether it should not be enforced at an earlier period. . . . Such a break with the past cannot fail to be painful, for it is not only the conclusion of a chapter, but it is the closing of a book. Though a man's life may be extended a few years beyond the span of its official existence, its record can never be more than a dry appendix in a smaller type, and on the face of it neither inviting nor worthy of perusal."

In 1902, Mr. Andrew Dickson White—born 7 November, 1832, and still living—U.S.A. Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, formerly President of Cornell University, retired from all public office on his



70th  
Birth-  
day.

70th birthday in accordance with a resolution he had made some years before. This is the letter he received on the occasion from President Roosevelt :

"My dear Mr. Ambassador,

On the day you open this you will be seventy years old. I cannot forbear writing you a line to express the obligation which all the American people are under to you. As a politician, as a publicist, and as a college president you have served your country as only a limited number of men are able to serve it. You have taught by precept, and you have taught by practice. We are all of us better because you have lived and worked, and I send you not merely my warmest well-wishes and congratulations, but thanks from all our people for all that you have done for us in the past."

In his book *My Naval Career and Travels*, Admiral E. H. Seymour writes thus : "On 19th Oct., 1909, we arrived at Portsmouth, and I obeyed my last order from the Admiralty, which according to the old formula is to 'strike your flag and come ashore,' and while doing so I felt a pride, I think pardonable in a naval officer, in having served at sea as an Admiral of the Fleet. On 30th April, 1910, I became seventy years of age, and so, in compliance with the very excellent rule of the Navy, I was placed on the Retired List.

"Human nature is often weak, and so we may even regret what we have both expected to occur and believe to be proper. Retirement from a career is professional euthanasia" (an easy death); "yet, especially if one has been kindly and successfully wafted over the billows of an active existence to the haven of retreat—I think the pilgrim of life should then comfort himself by taking the same view of his present condition as did the great Francis Bacon of the canticle *Nunc Dimittis*." (Bacon's words are : "He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood ; who for the time scarce feels the hurt ; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death ; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, *Nunc Dimittis*, Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations.")

Three years ago eighty-nine of his friends gave Mr. Austin Dobson, the poet, a salver, a rose-bowl, and candlesticks, with an address. To each of them he sent a copy of this letter :

"Ealing, January 19, 1910. A friend has suggested to me that a 'copy of verses' would be the most appropriate response to the unexpected birthday present and congratulations which reached me yesterday. But I frankly confess that the gift, both by its manner and its nature, seems completely to have sealed my sources of invention. Nor can I believe that the case justifies either conventional language or the vocabulary of artifice. . . .

"No ; here simple prose is surely better. I am touched—more deeply indeed than I care to say—by this unlooked for evidence of goodwill, which, I feel, I have received rather than deserved."



June Sunshine.

## The Road-Menders.

*Thou shalt be in league with  
the stones of the field.—  
Job 5, 21.*

### CHAPTER I.

SIR CROWSLEY CROWSLEY-WOOTEN was the seventh baronet of his line. He had a great many other christian names besides Crowsley, but as they would fill nearly two lines, whereas this explanation, as is the manner of explanations, will take up only four or five times that space, I shall not trouble you with them. Besides, if I told you them all, some people might say I had made them out of my own head. His mother, happily for him as he used to say when he was a man, was a Scotchwoman, and as his father had died when he was only two years old, she and her little boy used to spend several months every year with his uncle and aunt on their estate in the south of Scotland.

### CHAPTER 2.

When he was a child, no one who wished to speak the truth would ever have called him beautiful, but he certainly looked a sensible child, and he was both kind and kindly; and very persevering, being in fact seven times more persevering than most of the children one meets. "Isn't he a determined little character?" the labourers about the place were constantly remarking as they watched him in all he did. As he got older he grew handsomer—and it is better that way than the other—so that when he was a man

and a ruler of a great province in India, the natives used to gaze at him with wonder and reverence.

Everybody liked him, but his chief friend was old Mr. Dymock—as his nurse taught him to call him—the roadman. He used to stand at a safe distance, for the sake of his eyes, and watch the old man breaking the stones. There is a great knack in it, and Mr. Dymock was as good at his work as any man could be. Stone-breaking doesn't seem at first sight a particularly noble occupation, but the old man had been led into it, somehow or other, by the providence of God. He read every wise book he could get a hold of, and as he was always thinking, and always observing, and always willing and eager to do anybody a kind turn, he was the greatest power for good in the whole parish, though people didn't know that till he was dead.

Little Sir Crowsley loved best to be at the stone heap when the old man took his dinner at 12 o'clock, a tin can of potato soup or some kind of broth warmed at a neighbouring cottage—for he lived two miles away—and a goodly piece of oatmeal bannock. Now and again, if his wife's hens were in a contributory mood, he would have a hard-boiled egg. The little baronet noticed that the old man always bared his head when he asked a blessing before his meal and when he gave thanks after it, for the custom of "saying grace" after meat was still very common in Scotland; and of course the boy took off his hat, too, in sympathy!

Now, that put Mr. Dymock in an awkward position, for he did all the eating and yet the little lad had to join in the thanksgiving before and after ! And yet—how could he ask the boy to share his meal with him?

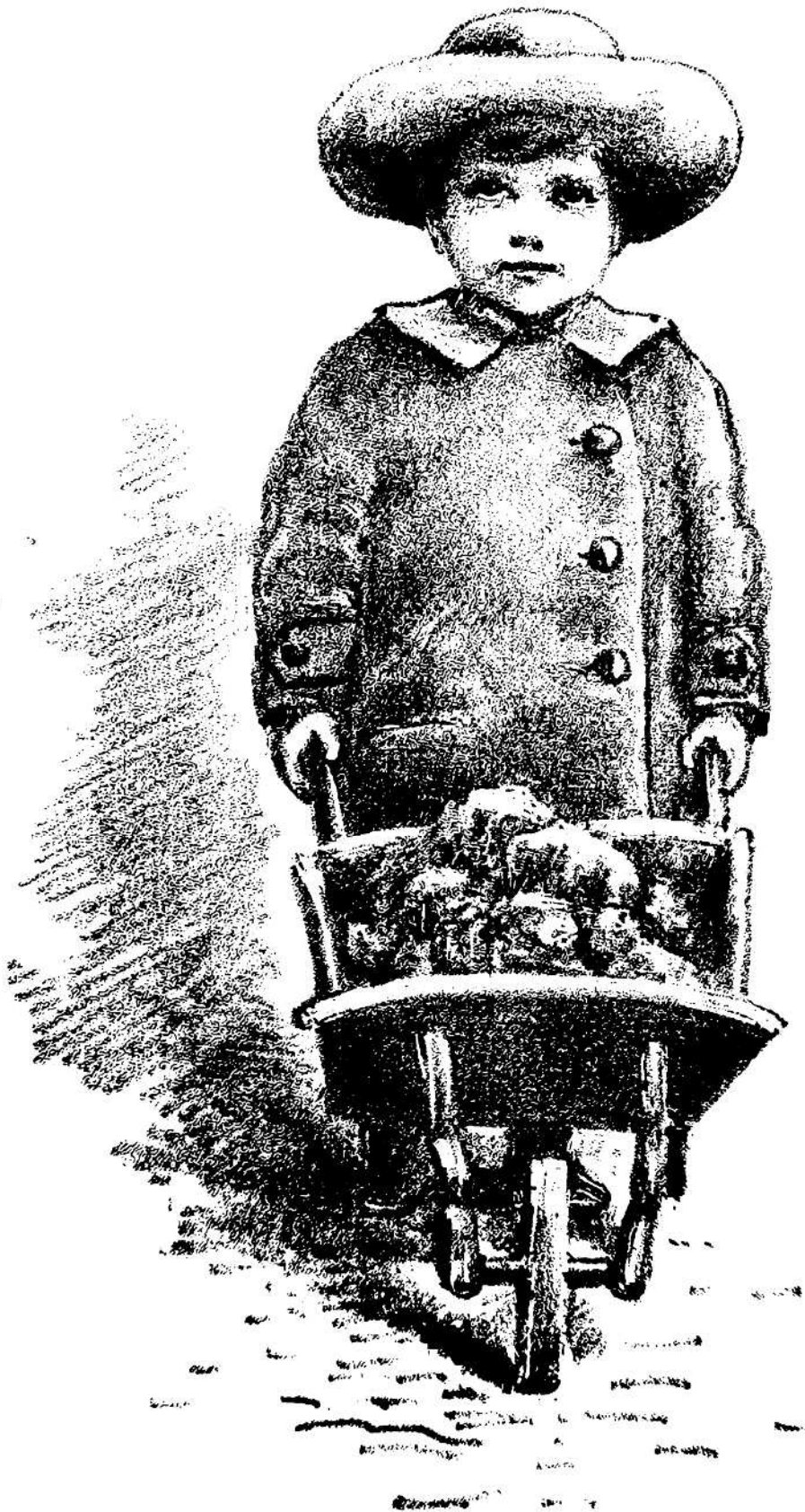
### CHAPTER 3.

Some years before, the old road-man had done some kindness to two ladies whose carriage had broken down, and had received from them a pretty little penknife as a gift for his wife. He had refused, most gratefully but firmly, the half-sovereign which they had kindly urged him to take. "Half-a-sovereign ! four days' pay for one hour's work ! 'The thing," he said was "fair ridiculous." But as he saw they were in earnest he took the knife ; and now he bethought him of it. It had been carefully laid past, and was as clean and bright as if it had been new. When therefore the little lad came as usual and was sitting watching him, like the robin that always turned up at meal-time, the old man produced the clean tissue paper in which the knife was wrapped, took out the knife, and cut a little slice out of the middle of the hard-boiled egg—it had a lovely red yolk—and offered it to his little guest, who, nothing loth, took it and a little salt with it, and devoured it instantler. It was as sweet a morsel, he thought, as he had ever tasted. So it "became a statute in Israel." Every day the old man had an egg, and every day Sir Crowsley Crowsley-Wootten, Bart., had a slice of it ; and he told how good it was when he got home.

But his uncle the Major and his wife told him that if he was to eat up Mr. Dymock's dinner that way every day, he must help to provide it ! And so it came about that the child would take an apple or a big juicy pear, of which the old man always laid past a piece, and not the smallest piece, for his old wife who thought it perfectly sinful to eat things that were so good ! One day in special the child never forgot as long as he lived. 'The Major had brought down from London a little bunch of bananas, a fruit then almost unknown in Scotland, and bade his nephew take one of them to his friend. The old man had never seen a banana before, and made such eyes as he stripped and tasted it, very cautiously to begin with, that the boy imitated him when he got home, and in later years when he lived abroad would often set the table in a roar by the way he reproduced the scene.

Mr. Dymock had a great fear that the Jesuits might get hold of the little lad. He knew how they had crept in unawares under various disguises into one or two noble houses in Scotland, and history books, of which he was a great reader, told him what Romanism had been to every country that had come under its sway. He tried, therefore, with all his might to win the boy to Christ while he was yet young. As John Knox did to his scholars, so did he, exhorting the boy "to know God and His work in our country, and stand by the good cause, and use his time well." For this reason he would often tell





him stories about the Covenanters, one of whose monuments was visible from a little knoll a few yards from the stone heap.

#### CHAPTER 4.

One of Mr. Dymock's trials was the fact that the Inspector of the roads in that county was a very ignorant, pretentious, blustering man. When he came every now and again to measure the quantity of stones the old man had broken, he would talk about the mathematics of the thing as if he had been a Sir George Airy or a Mr. John Couch Adams, calculating the date of an eclipse or weighing an unseen planet, proving to us

How the wild swayings of our planet show  
That worlds unseen surround the world we  
know.

When the boy heard of this terrible man's coming, he gathered a number of the prettiest and largest white quartz stones he could find in the rockeries around his uncle's house, and wheeled them in his simplicity to add to the old man's heap. Mr. Dymock of course received them graciously, for the thing was kindly meant and kindly done. Then he gathered them all into a corner of the roadside recess or bay in which he worked, and built with them a tiny little white monument, to the child's great joy!

\* \* \* \* \*

*(Chapters 5 to 500 awaiting.)*

#### CHAPTER 501.

When Sir Crowsley Crowsley-Wooten, Bart., came home from India on furlough, with other letters after his name more to be valued

than those which had come to him by birth, the little white monument, of course, had disappeared, and the old man who had built it was gone, though his words and example and prayers lived on in a hundred ways. There were many other changes in the place, too. The little bay where the grey whinstone road metal used to be piled was now almost filled up, but he recognised to his great delight the big smooth boulder on which old Mr. Dymock used to sit and so reverently take off his cap before beginning his mid-day meal. He had forgotten the boulder, and it didn't look quite so big as when he was a little boy, but the sight of it stirred up his memory and touched his heart. So much so, indeed, that when he returned to his seat in England, he took it with him. It was the only bit of loot, he said, he had ever carried off for himself, and he had had many opportunities of adding other people's heirlooms to his own. The railway porters at some junction or other succeeded at last in breaking it in two. "They couldn't see what use on earth it could be to anybody. Sir Jim Crowstone, or whatever his name was, must be some old fool who didn't know what to do with his money." But the stone, though in two pieces, reached him at last. The village blacksmith fitted it together with a wrought-iron band, and made a little railing to enclose it. It stands on a low mound a hundred yards or so from the Castle door, and all visitors and passers-by may read these words on it:

A Stone of Remembrance.  
The daily Resting - place  
While he was yet alive, of  
JOHN DYMCK,  
Road-Mender, and Man of God,  
In the Parish of Radrock, N.B.,  
Who died in 1876, aged 70.

Some people smile at the thing, but even they are compelled to think for a moment or two. To Sir Crowsley and his family and household, and to many of his friends, it is like Jacob's pillar; it is none other but the house of God, it is the gate of heaven."

—\*—  
"Come and Welcome."

*And Manoah said unto his wife,  
We shall surely die, because we  
have seen God. But his wife  
said unto him, If the Lord were  
pleased to kill us, He would not  
have showed us all these things.  
—Judges 13, 22.*

WHEN a certain Lady Gower took her niece to Leicester Fields to present her to George

II.'s son who was holding his court there, says a well-known letter-writer of that time, the little girl trembled so much that her aunt had to push her forward. "What are you so afraid of, child? Don't you see that Musical Clock? Can you be afraid of a man that has a thing like that?"

I suppose she meant that the man who had a musical clock was bound to be kindly and good natured. Even so, may we not say of the King of Glory, that if He wakens us every morning with the songs of birds and the music of the spheres and calls us to His courts by the chiming of bells on Sabbath, He surely wishes us not only to have boldness of access to Him, but to come before Him, as the Hundredth Psalm puts it, "with a singing voice"?

## Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 6.

*A few Sabbaths ago, when the minister gave out as his text, Zephaniah 3, 17, "The Lord thy God will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest (or rather, He will be silent) in His love, He will joy over thee with singing," this woman could not find the place, and some children round her seemed so much amused at the difficulty she was in that she is not going back to church any more. She doesn't know, that while it is not a very good sign if a person can't "find" Genesis or Exodus or Revelation, many a good man finds Zephaniah or Obadiah only by chance or after much searching.*

*But there is a worse thing than not being able to find Zephaniah.*



*If the Angel of the Lord comes to the House of God with a message, and doesn't find YOU—that's very much worse. Better come though people should smile than stay away and make Angels weep.*



1	S	I pray that your love may abound more and more in all discernment ;
2	M	So that ye may approve the things that are excellent ;
3	TU	That ye may be sincere unto the day of Christ.— <i>Phil. 1, 9. R.V.</i>
4	W	His letters are weighty.— <i>2 Cor. 10, 10.</i> “The Rev. Sir Harry Moncrieff’s letter testified several important things on Edward Irving’s behalf ; and ended by saying, ‘All this is my true opinion, and meant to be understood as it is written.’ At which we had our bit of approving laugh.”— <i>Carlyle’s Reminiscences.</i>
5	TH	A flattering tongue worketh ruin.— <i>Pro. 26, 25.</i>
6	F	Their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.— <i>Ps. 144, 8.</i>
7	S	Speaking truth in love.— <i>Eph. 4, 15. R.V.</i>
8	S	Jesus breathed on them.— <i>John 20, 22.</i> “On the voyage to London he heard the captain say, when some one asked if the wind were fair, ‘Quite fair, but not enough to make sail.’ ‘Many Christians,’ he reflected, ‘seem to have God’s Spirit fair enough, but not sufficiently strong to make sail ; they do not go forward.’”— <i>Robert Murray M’Cheyne by Dr. Alexander Smellie.</i>
9	M	The Spirit abode upon Him.— <i>John 1, 32.</i> He abideth with you, <i>ch. 14, 17. R.V.</i>
10	TU	He giveth not the Spirit by measure.— <i>John 3, 32.</i>
11	W	A sound as of a rushing mighty wind.— <i>Acts 2, 2.</i>
12	TH	Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost.— <i>Acts 4, 8.</i>
13	F	The Seven Spirits of God.— <i>Rev. 5, 6</i>
14	S	The Spirit driveth Jesus into the wilderness.— <i>Mark 1, 12.</i>
15	S	I knock.— <i>Rev. 3, 20.</i>
16	M	Trouble me not : I cannot rise.— <i>Luke 11, 7.</i>
17	TU	He came again, and found them sleeping.— <i>Matt. 26, 43. R.V.</i>
18	W	Yet a little sleep.— <i>Prov. 6, 10.</i> “The longer ships remain in port the more reluctant both officers and men are to leave it.”— <i>Admiral Markham : letter to Lord St. Vincent, March, 1807.</i>
19	TH	When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.— <i>Acts 24, 25.</i>
20	F	Asher sat still . . . and abode by his creeks.— <i>Judg. 5, 17. R.V.</i>
21	S	A perpetual sleep.— <i>Jer. 51, 57.</i>
22	S	Examine me, O Lord, and prove me.— <i>Ps. 26, 2.</i> “The end and purpose of all caulkers ripping and ransacking of the seams of ships is not altogether to discover defects ; but chiefly that they may stop and amend them by new and good caulking.”— <i>Mr. Holland’s Discourse of the Navy, 1638.</i>
23	M	Thus saith the Lord, Amend your ways.— <i>Jer. 7, 3.</i>
24	TU	Put off the old man,
25	W	Put on the new man.— <i>Eph. 4, 22.</i>
26	TH	Bring forth fruit worthy of repentance.— <i>Matt. 3, 8. R.V.</i>
27	F	I will take the stony heart out of their flesh.— <i>Ezek. 11, 19.</i>
28	S	Create in me a clean heart, O God.— <i>Ps. 51, 10.</i>
29	S	God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.— <i>Heb. 11, 6.</i>
30	M	The hand of the diligent shall bear rule.— <i>Prov. 12, 24.</i> “The key to success in bowling ‘googlies’—as in all other things surely—is perseverance. When I began I put in a couple of hours’ practice every morning for two seasons.”— <i>G. A. Faulkner, the S. African cricketer, in Fry’s Magazine for April.</i>

July, 1913.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 7.



*"Don't mess with it, Jock! That's a Crab, or as Father would say, a Cancer Pagurus, and we had better mind our toeses!"*

NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1912.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

—o—

*Vols. I. to XV. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1902, are out of print.*

*Vols. XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII., and XXIV., 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Keivie & Sons, Ltd.*

*Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

### "Promise me One Thing."

A MAN told me the other day that an old uncle of his came to Glasgow a number of years ago to see his youngest son, a lad just entering his twentieth year, off to Australia. When the three of them were at the Broomielaw, at the ship's side, and it was time to embark, the lad wished his father to go on board with him.

"Na, Willie," said the old man, "I'll no gang ony further. But I want ye to promise me one thing—that ye'll aye keep the Sawbath, and

be in your place in the Kirk every Sawbath-day."

When the old man said that, the tears were streaming down his cheeks, for he never expected to see his boy again.

The man who told me that simple story has seen and heard many wonderful things. He has crossed the Atlantic 48 times, and he had the singular good fortune to hear the first words that came any distance by telephone—he was a friend of the inventor, Prof. Graham Bell, and the message came from Boston, nearly 20 miles away, to Salem in Massachusetts, U.S.A.—but he said he often thought the fact that his uncle made that request his last words to his son was as wonderful an experience as he had ever had. But the longer he thought over it, the more wisdom he saw in it. For the lad who, in a strange land, away from his father's eye, keeps the Sabbath from polluting it, will keep his hand from doing any evil. He will choose the things that please God, and will take hold of His Covenant, and God will give him in His house, and within His walls, a name better than of sons and daughters: He will give Him, so Isaiah says, an everlasting name that shall not be cut off.

### Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 64.)

70th  
Birth-  
day.

When Edward Fitzgerald attained his 70th birthday, March 31, 1879, he wrote to a friend, a Mr. Alfred Smith, who had been in the habit of calling on him on his birthday, "Don't come to-day; it's no good wishing a man happy returns at seventy."

71st  
Birth-  
day.

Fitzgerald was a scholar, a wonderful letter-writer, famous most of all for the friendships he made with many great men. He died in his seventy-fifth year, June 1883. But his view of old age does not compare well with that of the 92nd Psalm: "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

And in old age when others fade,  
They fruit still forth shall bring;  
They shall be fat and full of sap,  
And aye be flourishing."

On September 18, 1780, Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote: "I am now beginning the seventy-second year of my life, with more strength of body and greater vigour of mind than I think is common at that age." Yet, says Boswell, "Still he complains of sleepless nights and idle days, and forgetfulness, or neglect of resolutions, and pathetically says, 'Surely I shall not spend my whole life with my own total disapprobation.'"

"March 22, 1892. My first thoughts were with God when I awoke at 5.30 a.m., and grateful praise ascended before I rose as I remembered my 71st birthday. I was soon on my knees, and my whole life from my boyhood came before me like a panorama. In deepest thankfulness I sought to lie low at my Saviour's feet, and as a ransomed soul to worship my gracious God and give thanks. The review of the long years is painful when I call to memory my own ways, but when I consider Him and His dealings I can but wonder and praise. He has blotted out as a thick cloud my transgressions and will not remember my sins. In Christ He has given to me eternal life, and it is a joy for me to know that in every place since 1844 He has enabled me to confess the Lord Jesus before men as my King, my Saviour, my God. All along the journey He has permitted me to see blessing follow my testimony."—*Diary of General Sir John Field, K.C.B. (1821-1899).*

"March 26, 1890. My 71st birthday!—a sad day to me in remembrance of so many past happy days, now gone for ever, with my beloved wife and my dear old mother."—*The late Duke of Cambridge's Diary.*

The late Lord Goschen, 1831-1907, a well-known politician, Chancellor of the Exchequer, etc., etc., wrote thus to a lady friend on his 71st birthday, 10th August, 1902: "I find my days too short! People say to me, 'How can you get through your time?' I always have so much to do that I cannot get through it all; not always interesting or enjoyable things, but still things which I wish to do. There are so many books that interest me even if they are not good. . . . Seventy-one! I analyse myself rather too much, and know exactly in what respects I am strong, and in which there are some signs of age, but I ought really to be content in these respects."

It was on his 71st birthday, the 8th October of last year, that Nicholas, the King of Montenegro, declared war against Turkey.



**"For Turnips I Once Stole."**

*When thou comest into thy neighbour's vineyard, then thou mayest eat grapes thy fill at thy pleasure; but thou shalt not put any in thy vessel.*  
—Deut. 23, 24.

A LADY kindly sent me the other day a letter which a friend of hers, a farmer, received nearly two years ago—a little scrap of paper with but five words in pencil on it. And this is a copy of it.

"For turnips I once stole." Whoever wrote it added no more. It has neither date nor place nor name. But the letter, like the book that the old Wizard Merlin had—you may read of it in Tennyson's *Vivien*—has literally, and still more so spiritually, "an ample marge."

"And every margin scribbled, crost, and cramm'd

With comment, densest condensation, hard  
To mind and eye . . . .

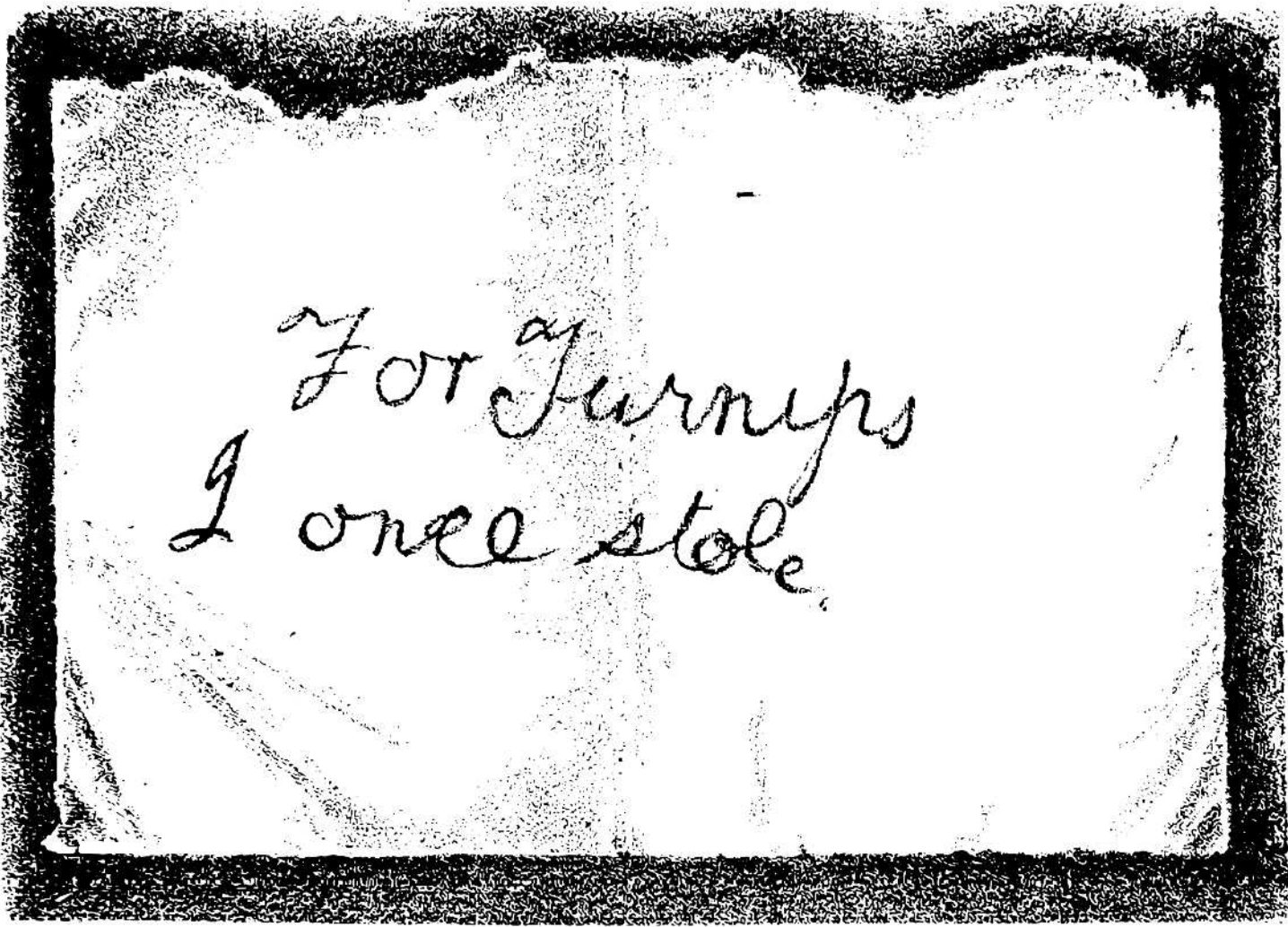
And none can read the text . . . .  
And none can read the comment . . . "

neither you nor I, nor the farmer who got the letter, nor the man who wrote it (I presume it was a man, but I may be wrong.) For the letter, like the tables Moses got, is the work of God, and the writing is the writing of God, written with the finger of God, and it is written on both sides, written on the one side and on the other. And it is sealed with many seals, and only Christ is able and worthy to read it all. But we can read some of it, and imagine more.

To begin with, it is a perfect specimen of English prose. "How

would you describe the style of Addison?" the late Professor Veitch of Glasgow University once asked his Logic and Rhetoric class, and I remember how a student, eager to outstrip his rivals in answering, roared out in his excitement with a voice of thunder and all in one breath—"DIGNITYWITHOUT-OSTENTATION&SIMPLICITY-WITHOUTVULGARITY." O how we did laugh, both then and often since! The student, I imagine, had read that in some manual of English Literature. Whether it describes the style of Addison or not I do not know, but this I do know, that to judge by what one has read of Addison, and of the pains he took in writing—is it not told in history how he kept the Privy Council waiting till they could wait no longer, because he could not put in fitting words that would please himself the fact that "the King was dead?"—Addison, at his best, I say, could not have written a better or more impressive line than that—"For turnips I once stole"—not a word too many, or too few, all Saxon, and 80 per cent of the words of only one syllable.

But how much writing came before that!—the writing upon his mind of the Ten Commandments by the person's mother and teacher, the re writing of them in so many ways we do not know of upon his memory, that came to his conscience and his heart and will straight from the Holy Ghost! Then think of the long conflict he waged with God and with himself, the pleas and



For a Turnip  
I once stole.

counter-pleas, the extenuating of his fault, the self-justification, the surrender, the self-condemnation. Not—"two or three turnips." Not—"some turnips thoughtlessly taken away without meaning any harm," or "taken away when I felt a grudge against you." Not even—"taken," or "stolen," but "I stole."

But there's a writing that follows, as well as a writing that precedes, and a writing that underlies these words. For the farmer's daughter, when she saw the letter, felt like David when the three mighty men brake through the hosts of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate, and took it and brought it to him—"nevertheless he would not

drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord;" so she, feeling that this was holy money, a "shekel of the sanctuary," bought not with man's blood only but with the blood of Christ, laid it aside for God, and gave it to a collector for the National Bible Society of Scotland, the lady who sent the letter to me.

And that shilling, we may be sure, was ear-marked, like all other money that is lovingly given to Him, by God Himself, marked with Christ's Image and Superscription, and its history and adventures and the interest it has already won and is to win will all be told and accounted for by God at the last day.

"I, even I, am He That blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine Own

sake, and will not remember thy sins." If you and I were to blot out a debt of a shilling in a book we would do it this way—~~1 shilling~~—and people could still read it; or this way            and people would say "That's an ugly blot, it spoils the look of the page," and they would wonder what it was, and perhaps hold it up to the light in hope of finding it out. But when God blots out a debt He does it perfectly, handsomely, He turns the minus into a plus, and the 1 shilling into 100, so that "— 1 shilling" becomes "+ 100 shillings"! He not only no more imputes our sins to us, no more puts them to our account, but imputes to us the very righteousness of His Own dear Son. The hand-writing that was against us He blots out by nailing it, in the sight of all men, to His Cross. Our sins He remembers no more by making an everlasting memorial of them to the glory and joy of His Good Spirit.

How far that shilling has yet to go no one can tell, no one can imagine. I hope the telling of its story by that farmer's daughter and by her friend may by God's grace gain more and more, more than money, thirty-fold, sixty-fold, an hundred-fold in years to come. Perhaps long after *The Morning Watch* has ceased to be, when its name has long passed into oblivion, some one may tell this story not in the least remembering where he read or heard it, and to some poor Achan who has stolen a wedge of gold, the valley of Achor may be the door of hope, and some sinner,

even one repenting only after he has been found out and suffering the due reward of his deeds, may see to his joy that it is possible even for him—to use the wonderful words of Joshua to the malefactor after he was condemned — "to glorify God."

The verses from Deuteronomy at the head of this story seem to press a little hardly on the farmer. No other man is treated that way. We are not allowed to go into a grocer's, or an ironmonger's, or a banker's, and lift what we are needing. Why then should a farmer have the burden laid on him?

The answer to that is this. The farmer or husbandman, to give him his Bible name, stands in a peculiar relationship to God and to his fellow men. In many ways he depends more on God than they do. One night's frost, one hour of fiery heat, one storm of wind, or rain or hail, might undo the labour of a year. But sun, moon, and stars all fight for him. Most men's work stands still when they leave it, but God works both with and for the farmer. He lies down and sleeps, but his crops are growing all the time. As he is therefore the special receiver, so he must also be the special dispenser of God's bounty. He is God's trustee for the world's behoof.

But he is also specially indebted to his fellow men. Our journeys are lengthened because we dare not walk over his grain. If one of his gates be left open by mischance, the passer by must close it. If cattle break through into his field, we must not hide ourselves or pretend we do







not see them. We must go and tell him ; if need be, help to drive them out. A hungry man had therefore, by the law of Moses, the right to take and eat a little, and God made allowance for that in blessing the fruits of the field. But people hadn't the right to go and eat turnips regularly, or carry off a basketful.

There was a farmer in Wigtownshire, some years ago, who was greatly respected, though he had some odd ways. They say that once, going his rounds at night, he saw in the moonlight a woman filling a sack from one of his potato pits. He stood and waited till she had lifted it on to her back, and then, just as she was setting out homewards, perhaps rejoicing that she had got on so well without being seen, he cried out to her, "My good woman, why did you go to that pit? There are far better potatoes in the pit in the next field!" And she dropped her load and ran, and the farmer got the sack, and many a body since then, and I have no doubt the woman herself too, had a good laugh over her adventure.

A man told me once that when he was a boy he got great credit for walking 10 miles several times a week to go and see an old aunt who was lying ill. Five miles out and five miles back was a long road for a boy, but he told me he often thought with himself that it wasn't so much his auntie that he went to see, as a fine beanfield halfway on the road. He had one feast going, and another returning. I rather think that that boy, like the woman at the potato pit, would have come under Moses' condemnation. You

may eat, if you are passing by, for refreshment, or if, like our Lord's disciples, you are very hungry, but you must not take a sickle with you or make a trade of it. And when you go into the field, don't pull up more than you can eat, and don't trample either on the blades or on the bulbs, especially if you have tackets in your boots, then shut the gate behind you, and if you chance to meet the farmer on the road, especially if you are eating the turnip at the time, you must thank him and tell him you are debtor to him, and unless he be a churl like Nabal or there be twelve or fifteen of you, he won't be very angry!

There was a woman I knew, who had a few gooseberry bushes, and when the time for fruit was come, she resolved to ask all the message boys who came to her door to go into the garden and pull fifty berries each, that is about sixty with good measure. But the first two that came stayed so long that she went out to see them, and they had not only been eating as hard as they could all the time, but they had filled all their pockets, and were now busy filling their caps.

They were never asked in again, and what was worse, they had eaten the shares of the boys that were to come after them.

---

### A flower of May.

THIS little sprig of Hawthorn came to me two weeks ago in a letter from a Greenock lad who is settled in Vancouver, British Columbia, 5,700 miles away. It took seventeen days to come, yet it smells



almost as sweetly as if it had been plucked this morning from the tree in my neighbour's grounds across the way.

It sets one a-marvelling once more over the strange power that God has given to plants and to so many other things that He has made, the power to reveal their presence by their odour. How is it that flowers, day after day, and even year after year, can give forth so much of themselves, and yet be none the poorer? Is it not just because they are so like Him Who made them, always giving, loving to give, and living to give?

The flowers are like Him, too, because their odours come so gently, and yet so irresistibly. There are some things in the world that we must look for, that we must go to see, some that we can only enjoy by an effort of will, but the fragrance of a flower comes to us, steals on us unawares, is with us ere we know

it like an unexpected guest.

But the flowers themselves are also like a host who is always ready for a guest, with all things furnished and prepared, no matter what hour the guest may come by day or night, no matter whether he come or not. We have all sometimes wondered, like the poet Gray, why  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

But the reason is, they wish never to be taken aback. They have no need to say, like us so often, "Had I only known some one was coming I would have been prepared." They say that the great Napoleon once asked his cook how it was that he had always a fowl ready for him no matter what hour of the day he called for it, and the man made answer, "It is, Sire, because I put a fresh one on to roast every twenty minutes!" So it is with the flowers, they are ready any hour because they are ready every hour.

And no doubt they have their reward, though we do not know it. If there be no man to see and bless them, there are birds, and bees, and insects, and creeping things, and there are the Angels, and there is the Lord of all these hosts Himself, rejoicing in all that He has created and made, and stretching forth His hands all day long though no man may regard Him.

The May or Hawthorn tree is not a native of America, but was taken thither from Europe, and we can almost imagine this little sprig coming home to see the land where its forefathers dwelt, and proud to show us, as it were, that it has kept the faith and been true to its colours and its odours, true to itself and true to them, though so far away from the old country.

Does not that illustrate the text which tells us that the Four Living Creatures, and the Four-and-Twenty Elders that fall down before the Lamb, have harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints? We pray to God because

Christ prayed to His Father from all eternity; we pray because the Holy Spirit takes of the things that are His and shows them unto us; we pray because the Spirit has taught us to say Abba, Father. Our prayers are, so to speak, transplanted flowers from Paradise that have taken root and are thriving here below. And just as the exile far away is moved in heart and feels a sense of home, like those men of the Dorsetshire Regiment, of whom we read, who looked wistfully at one another when they found themselves trampling through "southernwood" on Russian soil on the day of battle, or like that lad in Vancouver who bethought himself of Greenock when he saw that hawthorn tree, so when we pray, our prayers are as incense in God's sight. They rise up before Him as if they were the very prayers of His Own dear Son and the unutterable groanings of His Good and Holy Spirit—as indeed they are. 2 Cor. 2, 15—"For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ."

## Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 7.

*These two young women were "so tired" after their removal to their new house six weeks ago, and "everything was in such confusion," that they were not able to go to church the first Sabbath after. Having stayed away that day—and the Sabbath before or after any great change in our lives is always a specially solemn one—they have found it easy to stay away ever since. Their house, they say, is not yet "quite" in order, and, besides, they have not yet made up their minds which church they will go to.*





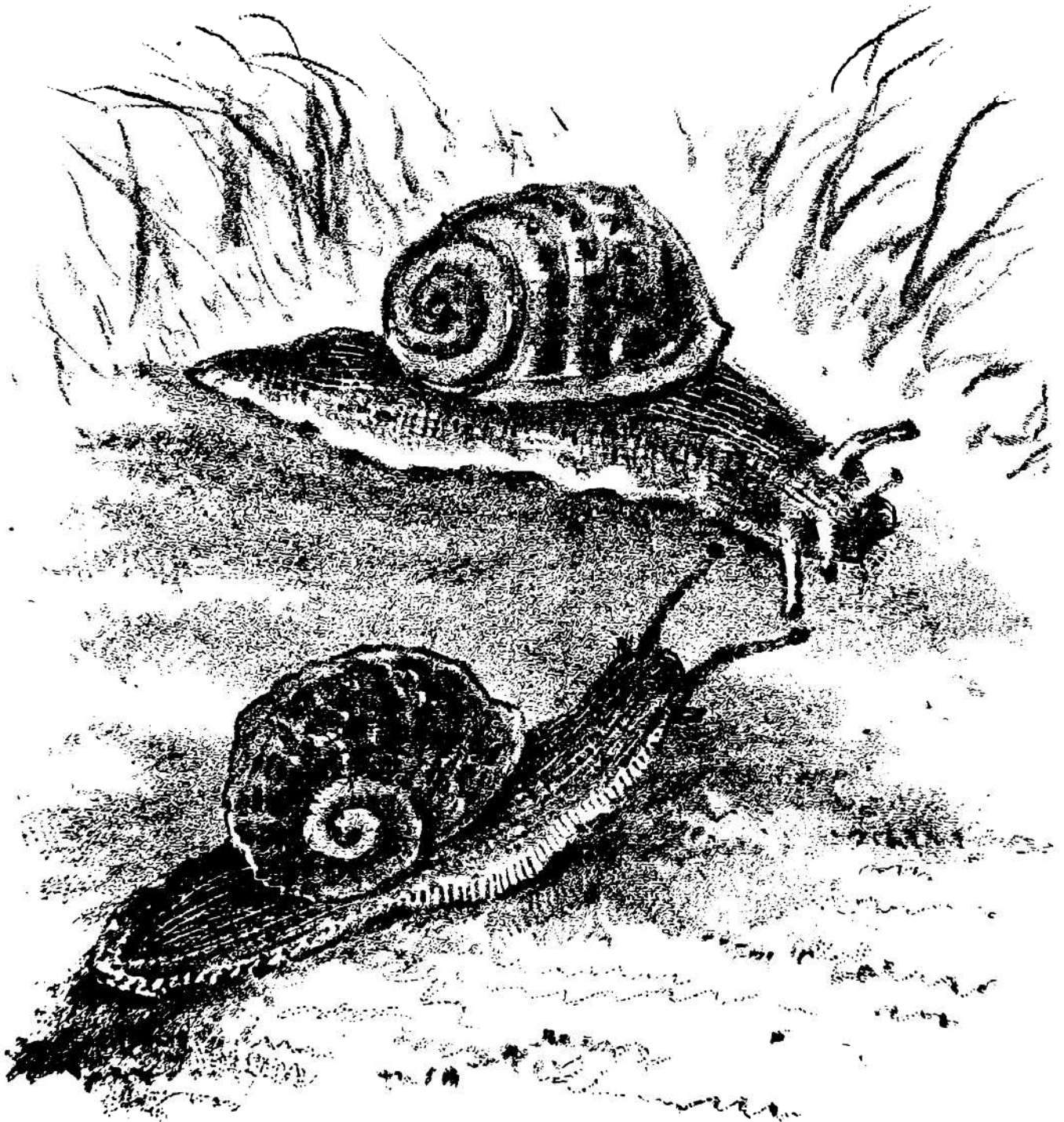
1	TU	He knoweth our frame.— <i>Ps. 103, 14.</i>
2	W	He commanded that something should be given her to eat.— <i>Mark 5, 43.</i>
3	TH	He was known of them in breaking of bread.— <i>Luke 24, 35.</i>
4	F	Ready to distribute.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 18.</i> "I have to thank a Scotchman for teaching me good manners. When I was a boy, one hot day, in a coach to London, I took out a bunch of grapes and was eating them one by one. 'I like grapes' he observed, looking at my treasure. So I had to divide them. I did not bless him at the time, though I do now."— <i>Rev. T. Mozley's Reminiscences.</i> (But what about the Scotchman's manners?)
5	S	Jesus saith, I thirst.— <i>John 19, 28.</i>
6	S	Who is on the Lord's side?— <i>Ex. 32, 26.</i>
7	M	Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee.— <i>Ps. 60, 4.</i>
8	TU	Every man shall pitch by his own standard.— <i>Numb. 2, 2.</i>
9	W	I have lift up mine hand unto the Lord, God Most High.— <i>Gen. 14, 22, R. V.</i>
10	TH	In the name of our God we will set up our banners.— <i>Ps. 20, 5.</i>
11	F	Antipas My witness, My faithful one, who was killed.— <i>Rev. 2, 13, R. V.</i> "Sir Edmund Verney's hand, severed from his body at the battle of Edgehill, 1642, was found still holding the royal standard. But the body itself was lost."— <i>Memoirs of the Verney Family.</i>
12	S	The Lord my banner: He will have war from generation to generation.— <i>Ex. 17, 16.</i>
13	S	Their soul shall be as a watered garden.— <i>Jer. 31, 12.</i> Compare <i>Is. 27, 3.</i>
14	M	Zion's waste places.— <i>Is. 51, 3.</i> The people of Danzig, West Prussia, have been warned that all thistles in their gardens must be uprooted by the 31st of this month under a penalty of £7 10s.
15	TU	Looking diligently . . . lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you,
16	W	And thereby many be defiled.— <i>Heb 12, 15.</i>
17	TH	The earth which bringeth forth herbs receiveth blessing from God:
18	F	That which beareth thorns and briers is nigh unto cursing.— <i>Heb. 6, 7.</i>
19	S	There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed.— <i>Josh. 13, 1.</i>
20	S	The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy barns.— <i>Deut. 28, 8, R. V.</i>
21	M	I planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase.
22	TU	He that planteth and he that watereth are one:
23	W	But each shall receive his own reward according to his own labour.
24	TH	For we are God's fellow-workers.— <i>1 Cor. 3, 6-9, R. V.</i> Sir William Gull, Bart., one of England's greatest physicians, used to say to his patients—"I can help you if you will help yourself."— <i>History of Guy's Hospital.</i>
25	F	Jesus said unto the man, Stretch forth thy hand.— <i>Luke 6, 10.</i>
26	S	And he did so: and the hand was restored whole as the other.
27	S	Sir, I have no man to put me into the pool.— <i>John 5, 7.</i>
28	M	I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me.— <i>Ps. 40, 17.</i>
29	TU	The Son of man came to seek and to save that which is lost.— <i>Luke 19, 10.</i> "I cannot afford to know an unlucky man," once said Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the great Jewish Banker.— <i>The Ghosts of Piccadilly: G. A. Street.</i>
30	W	My God shall supply all your need according to His riches.— <i>Phil. 4, 19.</i>
31	TH	For your sakes Jesus Christ became poor.— <i>2 Cor. 8, 9.</i>

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 8.



*FIRST SNAIL:* "Hallo, Old Man! you look heated!"

*SECOND DO.:* "Yes! the sweat is just pouring off me, and no wonder! I've done  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards in half-an-hour. It's a Record!"

NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1912.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Vols. I. to XV. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1902, are out of print.*

*Vols. XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII., and XXIV., 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

Greenock: James M'Keivie & Sons, Ltd.

Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.

London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

## After the Holidays.

*"Creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school."*

**HELIX PRIMA**, that is, Snail No. 1, continuing the conversation: "Two-and-a-quarter yards in half-an-hour! It's terrific! That's the pace that kills. How ever did you manage it?"

**Helix Secunda**, that is, Snail No. 2: "I really don't know, but for one thing I had an extra good feed of a particularly good cabbage this morning. But I wish to ask you a question. How many teeth do they say you and I have got? I always forget."

No. 1. "You are not wishing any more, are you?"

No. 2. "No; but how many have we?"

No. 1. "We have 135 rows, and 105 teeth in every row; 100 times 135 is 13,500, and 5 times 135 is 675; that's 14,175."

No. 2. "Thanks. How I wish I could do mental arithmetic like

you!"

No. 1. "But why did you ask?"

No. 2. "I heard three men talking in our garden last night. They are glad the holidays are nearly ended. They are engineers, good men and true, clever, honest men, and fond of their work. They were talking about what they call turbine engines with I can't remember how many blades or how many revolutions in a minute. I was wondering if the inside of a ship is as wonderful as the inside of a snail's mouth. But what have you been doing?"

No. 1. "Oh! I got on to a window-pane by mistake, but I heard some good talk, all the same."

No. 2. "What about?"

No. 1. "Well, you see there are two boys, brothers, in that house. and they were a bit down in the mouth because it was the last day of the play and they were to go back to school to day. And their mother was telling them that she didn't blame them for being sorry, but they had had six weeks, and she wished them not only to be at school the first day it re-opened, but to be there early and to look as cheery as possible. But Alec, that's the boy next door, they told her, was going to take another week."

No. 2. "And what did she say?"

No. 1. "She said they must get him to go with them, and when they came home, for they would get away soon, they were to bring him with them and they would have a rhubarb dumpling for dinner."

No. 2. "And did they go?"

No. 1. "Yes, the whole three. The two boys played at being horses,

and Alec was the driver. And they jibbed and pranced a lot at the start, and then set off at a gallop, and though their mother was laughing I could see she was crying too. And, do you know, I heard her say—‘They go, creeping like snail, unwillingly to school.’”

“So ho!” said No. 2. “And is that the meaning of *creeping*? I always thought it was used to make a fool of us poor snails, and that it meant we were lazy and went so slow, whereas you know we go as hard as we can, don’t we? And so creeping means galloping? And these boys galloped off unwillingly! They had a sore fight with themselves, but they won the day. No wonder their mother was happy.”

“So say I too,” said No. 1, “but I’m not so sure as you are that creeping means galloping. I rather fear that interpretation will not meet with general acceptance from commentators!”

“What! what! what!” cried No. 2. “What big words are those? If you use that kind of jaw-breakers you’ll soon need a new set of teeth yourself!”

“Oh!” said No. 1, “I was just having a bit of fun. If it is right for these nice laddies to pretend to be horses, what’s the harm in my using big words once in a while and imagining I am a whale? But I’m going to try to beat your record. I feel it’s in me. And it is these boys that have spurred me on!”

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 75.)

72nd  
Birth-  
day.

On Lord John Russell’s 72nd birthday, his wife, a Scotswoman, a daughter of the Earl of Minto, wrote in her diary: “August 18, 1864. My dear, dear husband’s birthday. I resolved not to let sad and untrustful thoughts come in the way of gratitude for present happiness, and oh! how thankfully I looked at him with his children around him. They made him and me join them in a match at trap-ball that lasted two hours and a half. He and the boys and Agatha rode. He looked pleased and proud with his three sons and his little daughter galloping beside him. The day ended with merry games.”

Lady Russell, in speaking of birthdays, often used an expression like this: “Yesterday, 15th November, 1855, alas! I struck forty!” Writing to her sister in 1887 she said, “I don’t think I am writing because your clock is on the stroke of sixty-three, for these clocks of ours become obtrusive, and the less they are listened to the better for our spirits. I wonder whether it is wrong and unnatural not to rejoice in their rapid movements as regards myself. I often think so. There is so much, or rather there are so many! to go to when it has struck for the last time, and the longing and the yearning to be with them is so unspeakable—and yet, dear Lotty, I cling to those here, not less and less, but more and more, as the time for leaving them draws nearer.”



72nd  
Birth-  
day.

After her own 71st birthday she wrote to a friend : "Nobody at seventy-one, and with many still to love and leave on earth, can hail a birthday with much gladness. . . . The real sadness to me of birthdays, and all marked days, is in the bitterly disappointing answer I am obliged to make to myself to the question—'Am I nearer to God than a year ago?'"

There was a famous Covenanting minister named Robert Bruce who, when he was 72 years of age, about the year 1627, said to his friend Mr. John Livingstone, "I wonder how I am kept so long here. I have already lived two years in violence," that is two years beyond what is so often called "the allotted span" of seventy. It was he of whom it was noted that, while he prayed for hours at a time when he was alone, he was very short in prayer when others were present, both in public and in private, "but then every sentence was like a strong bolt shot up to heaven." Here is a fine and I hope well known story that is told about him. You will find it in your copy of the *Scots Worthies*. "When he preached at Larbert, he used, after his first sermon on the Sabbath, to retire to a chamber in a house near the kirk. One day, some noblemen being there, and he staying long in the room, and they having far to ride home after the afternoon's sermon, desired the bellman to go harken at the door if there were any appearance of his coming. The bellman returned and said, 'I think he shall not come out the day at all, for I hear him always saying to Another that he will not nor cannot go except the Other go with him, and I hear not the Other answer him a word at all.' The foolish bellman understood not that he was dealing with God."

When Mr. Bruce was dying and his sight was failed, we are told he called for the great Bible, and desired them to put his finger on Romans 8, 28, and told them that he died in that faith : "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

When the American poet Longfellow came into his study on the morning of his 72nd birthday, Feb. 27, 1879, he found to his delighted surprise an arm-chair awaiting him. It was a gift from 700 of the school children of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the town in which he lived, and it had been made, from a design by his nephew, of the wood of the horse-chestnut tree under which had stood "the village smithy" of which he sings in his poem, *The Blacksmith*. He wrote a poem in acknowledgment of the gift, and every child that came to see the chair was asked to sit in it, and got a copy of the verses besides.

On Jan. 11th, 1886, his 72nd birthday, Sir James Paget the surgeon wrote to his son Francis : "I thank both you and Helen very heartily for your kind wishes on my birthday. They are enough to make me wish more than is wise that I might see many years ; but I may, at least, and do desire intensely that, for so long as God may grant me life, He may grant me also the constant love of all whom He has given me, and the happiness of seeing them all prosperous in good works." He died when he was eighty-five.

*O clap your hands, all ye people.—Ps. 47, 1.*



**A Keeper of the Commandment.**

### A Rose's Leaves.

THE other day a friend took a Gloire de Dijon, and asked three of his household to guess how many leaves it had. One said 300, another 79, and the third 120. When counted there were 97. Two other roses, the common old-fashioned Cabbage-rose of happy memory, and a Malmaison, were then chosen and their leaves also counted; the one had 93 and the other 104.

What the uses of the leaves are it would take a botanist and a poet and an Angel and a bee to tell us. But they are good no doubt for the warming and protecting and moistening of the seeds that lie in their keeping.

Over a hundred wrappings and trappings for one flower! If God then so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe us, O we of little faith?

I wonder how many wraps King Solomon put on, the coldest day he ever had in Jerusalem or on the mountains of Lebanon. Yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

You have read, I hope, in such books as the *Scots Worthies* and *Men of the Covenant* how Alexander Peden the Covenanter, when the soldiers were on the point of capturing him in the hills one day, cried out to God, "Cast the lap of Thy cloak, Lord, over puir auld Sandy;" and the mist came down and shrouded him. How many laps

are there in God's cloak? How many feathers in His wing? We all need a hiding-place, alike for body, soul, and spirit. How many arrows there are that fly by day! And there is pestilence that walketh in darkness. Our cares and anxieties are many. Strong bulls of Bashan surround us. Many there be which say of our souls, There is no help for him in God.

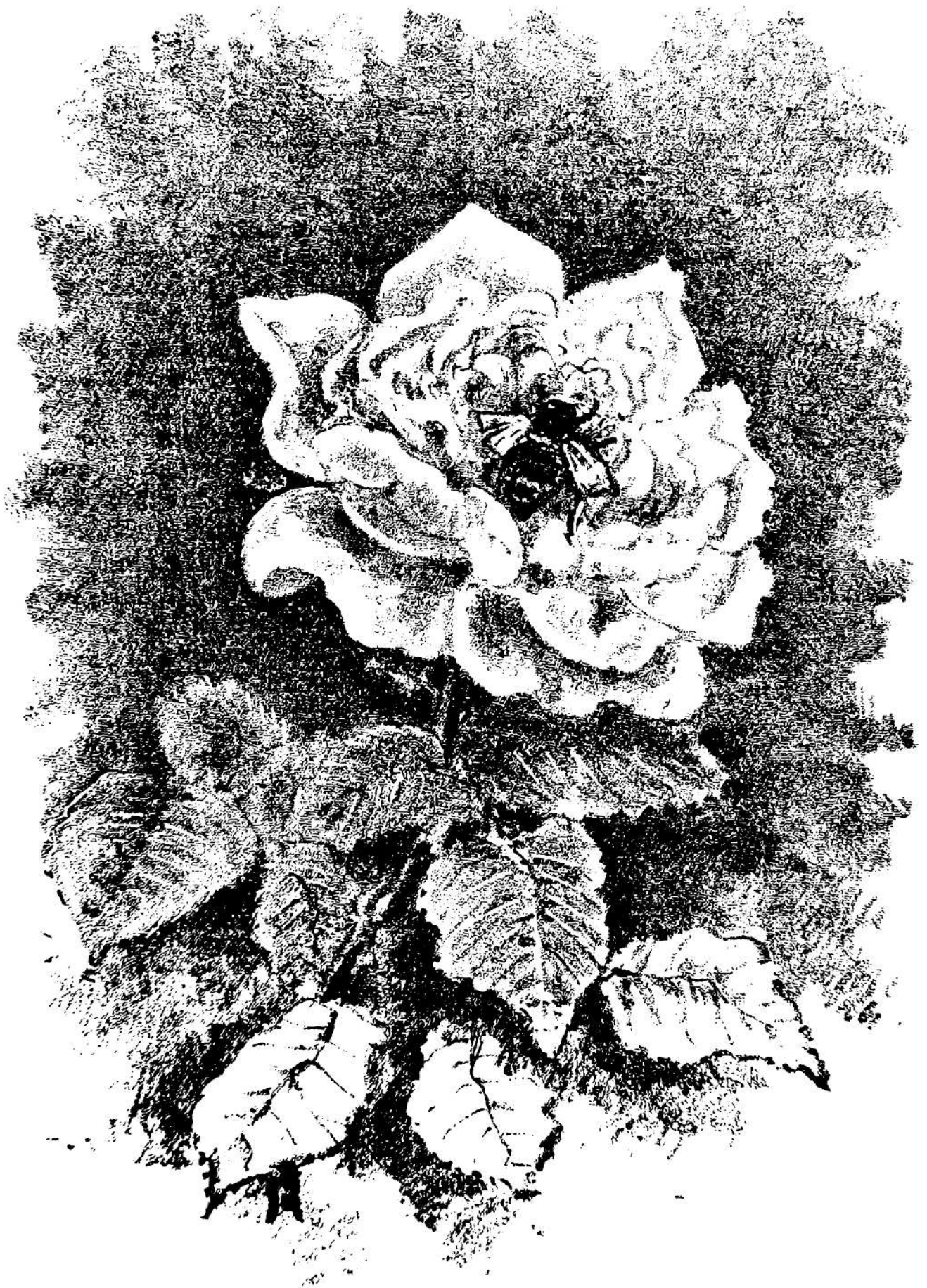
Beware of going to the wrong shelter, of trusting to any coverings of your own making, however strong or pretty they may look. Everyone of them is narrower than that a man can wrap himself in it. For so God warns us, Isaiah 30, 1: Woe to the rebellious children that take counsel, but not of Me, that cover with a covering, but not of My Spirit.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Do you remember what Satan said to God about Job? Hast Thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and all that he hath on every side? So God makes a hedge about us. One hedge? Nay, says Dr. Smellie, in his book, *In the Hour of Silence*, "there is a whole labyrinth of hedges. His providence is a hedge. Every Christian friend is a hedge. The ministry of Angels—how many soever they be—is a hedge. The call of the Spirit to conversion, to purity, to service, to assurance and joy, is a hedge. But His grace in Christ is the best of hedges.

'Yet all these fences and their whole  
array  
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite  
away.'







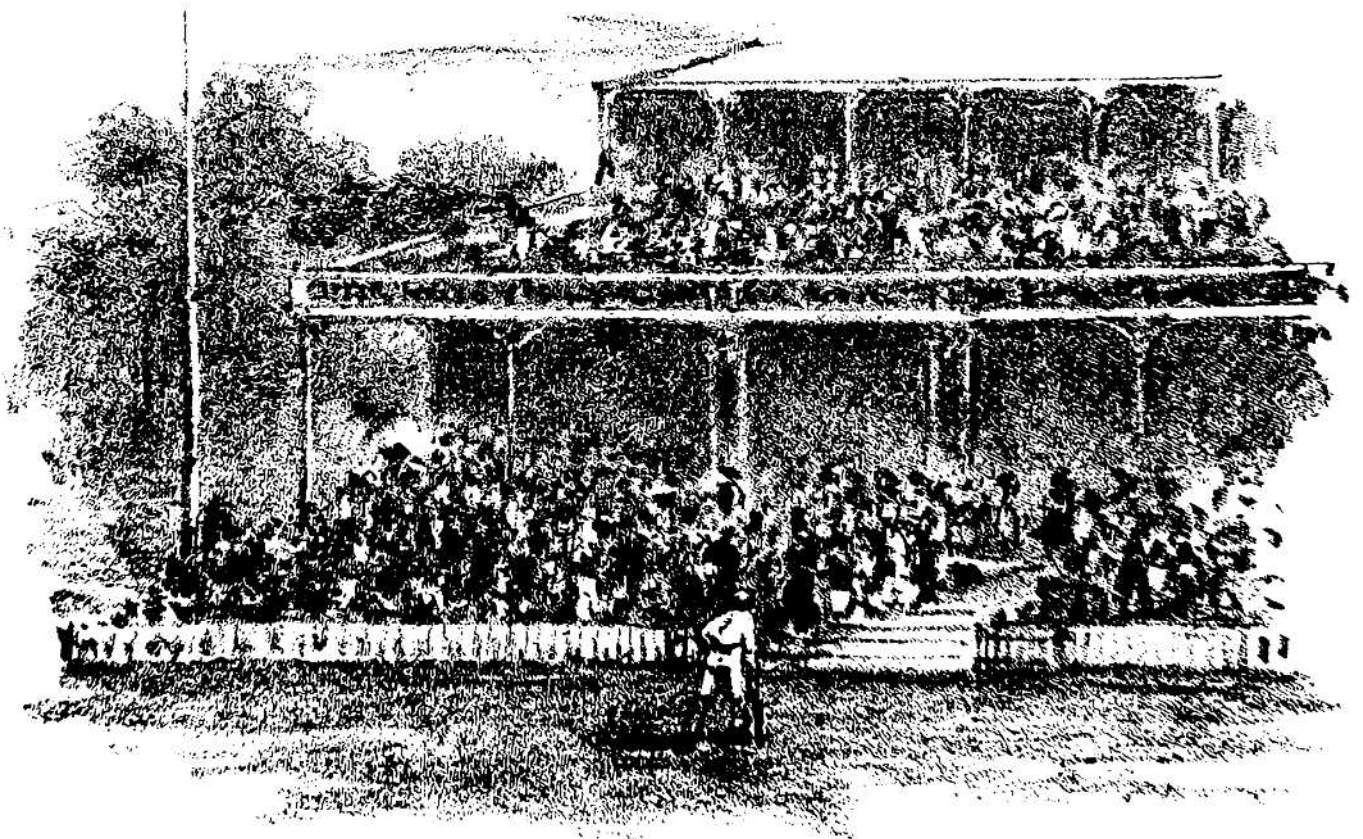
## The Eton and Harrow Match.

*And they said unto Him, Lord, he hath ten pounds.—Luke 19, 25.*

ON the 13th of July, at the annual cricket match in London between Eton and Harrow, the two chief schools in England, a boy named Geoffrey Wilson, so the newspapers tell us, "played like a hero." In their first innings, on the Friday, Eton had made 383 and Harrow only 75, so that the latter had not only no hope of victory, but needed no less than 308 runs to avoid being defeated by a whole innings. On the Saturday 7 of their wickets had fallen for 133, and the Harrow boys had almost abandoned hope. Then it was that one of the youngest of their number astonished everybody by the patience and steadiness and brilliance of his play. He made

173 runs in four-and-a-half hours before he was out, and though that did not bring victory to his side, it saved the innings defeat, and so warded off what his school would have counted a shameful licking. It was the second highest score made by any player in that match for ninety years, and it was played before 17,000 spectators, that particular game being considered one of the chief events of what Londoners call "the season."

While the boy was making his runs there was wild and unceasing cheering. When he was at last "out," he was carried off the field shoulder-high by his schoolmates. But when he came to the Grand Stand, says one of the chief London newspapers, "the most critical cricket audience in the world, the pavilion ticket-holders of Lord's"—Lord's Cricket Ground the place is



called—"rose from their seats to greet him as he ran up the steps. For what higher ambition," the paper adds, "can fire a schoolboy's soul than to make his century (that is, 100 runs) at Lord's, not when the star of his side is mounting in the heavens, but when it is low down in the sky?"

I am sure that boy's mother, if she were there, would have a big lump in her throat when she saw the reception given to her son.

All this may seem to be great words when spoken about a cricket match. But in all games God means boys to learn how great a part patience and courage and unselfishness and perseverance play in life. 'There are few men, I think, who have ever played with all their heart and strength at any game—be it cricket, or golf, or quoits, or bowls, or football, or prisoners' base, or even marbles—who do not remember with delight, and are not unwilling to tell when they get the chance, the story of one great game once played by them.

And the rapture at the end! Is it not meant to make us aim at, and strive for, the crown of glory that fadeth not away? If it be something to be cheered by all one's comrades in a cricket field, what must it be to be received into everlasting habitations by all the multitude of the redeemed? If it be something to be received by five thousand upstanding, what must it be to see, like the dying Stephen, the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God waiting to welcome us?

"Turn ye, Turn ye."

*Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked.—Ezek. 33, 11.*

*As my beloved sons I warn you.—1 Cor. 4, 14.*

SIXTY years ago the late Professor Charteris was a student of divinity in Edinburgh University. One day, he tells us, "Principal James Robertson while lecturing heard some talking in his class-room, and looking severely down on Robert Wallace and myself, who were sitting together, he seemed to us to be rebuking us as the culprits. We were quite innocent, so I wrote on my note-book, shoving it in front of Wallace, 'What shall we do?' Wallace—afterwards well known as Editor of the *Scotsman* and one of the members of Parliament for Edinburgh—replied promptly, '*Obsta Principiis*, pitch into the Principal.'" (Literally, resist the beginnings or first principles.) "We went to his private room immediately after the lecture, and the dear old man nearly took us in his arms, and told us that his invariable custom was to look at the part of the class-room most distant from the offenders when he uttered any rebuke!"

There is something very beautiful and Christ-like in that. The old man looked the other way, partly because it pained him to see students doing wrong, just as our Lord stooped down and wrote on the ground with His finger when they brought a poor creature to Him who had been caught committing sin. He did it also to keep the class from knowing who the guilty students were, to shield them, so to

speaking, from the shame of a public rebuke, just as our Lord, when striving to keep Judas from his great sin, spoke to him so quietly and gently that no man at the table knew for what intent He spake to him. God has no pleasure in affronting people.

But, thirdly, the Principal in looking the wrong way and making as though he was rebuking others, was bidding those students who were talking to take warning, and bidding them in a gracious, kindly way. In the life of Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford—one of the authors of *Liddell and Scott*, the Greek dictionary which I hope many of you will have to buy some day—we read of a school-master, a Rev. Thomas W. Weare, who used to give a prolonged warning when he entered the college by putting his key noisily into the lock and turning it in a very leisurely fashion; or if he passed through the

college in the daytime, would cough or rattle his bunch of keys, to let the boys know that he was near. And that is the way God does. He takes many ways of warning us that He is coming. Sometimes He seems to speak sharply to people, whom we know to be far better than ourselves, that we may be roused to flee from the wrath to come. If judgment first begin at the house of God, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?

But you are not to think that God's coming is something to be afraid of. If we knew God and Jesus Christ Whom He has sent, that is to say, if we knew and believed that God is *love*, we would clap our hands, and sing for joy together, at the very thought of His coming. It is not an enemy that is on the way, but The Bridegroom!

### Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 8.

*This young man does not attend church, because, as he says, "ministers are not up-to-date in their preaching. Their thoughts are all taken up with things that happened thousands of years ago."*

*Last Saturday he got away from his office all day to attend an outing of the Antiquarian Society to Ardoch Roman Camp, where, under the leadership of Professor Dryasdust, they spent a most delightful afternoon, in pouring rain, discussing the probable site of the Romans' Regimental Bakery.*

*Professor Dryasdust is still confined to bed as the result of the wetting he received, but the Antiquarians have unanimously asked our young friend to lead their next excursion in looking for prehistoric flints; "he is such an enthusiast for antiquities!"*





1	F	The birds come and lodge in the branches.— <i>Matt. 13, 32.</i>
2	S	The voice of the bird.— <i>Eccl. 12, 4.</i> "At Malford I became aware that rooks could snore. At first, as we stood under a tree, all was still but for the occasional caw of a sleepy bird, then gradually began a slow, steady deep snore, increasing in volume as more rooks joined the ranks of sleepers. It was unmistakably a snore, ridiculously like a human one, varied with frequent snorts."— <i>Mrs. Story's Later Reminiscences.</i>
3	S	He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much.
4	M	Faithful in that which is another's.— <i>Luke 16, 10, 12. R.V.</i> "A leak anywhere, a smoking chimney, a loose slate on the roof, or even a loose stone in the garden wall, had to be put right at once. A rented house he considered equally with his own, and had to be left in spick-and-span condition."— <i>Life of Dr. A. H. Charteris by Rev. the Hon. Arthur Gordon.</i>
5	TU	By slothfulness the roof sinketh in;
6	W	And through idleness of hands the house leaketh.— <i>Eccl. 10, 18. R.V.</i>
7	TH	Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it.— <i>Eccl. 9, 10.</i>
8	F	A time to break down, and a time to build up;
9	S	A time to rend, and a time to sew.— <i>Eccl. 3, 3, 7.</i>
10	S	I will look again toward Thy holy temple.— <i>Jonah 2, 4.</i>
11	M	Out of the belly of hell cried I, &c. 2.
12	TU	Who can tell?— <i>2 Sam. 12, 23.</i>
13	W	It may be the Lord thy God will hear his words.— <i>2 Kings 19, 4.</i>
14	TH	It may be ye shall be hid.— <i>Zeph. 2, 3.</i>
15	F	Wait. "Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt."— <i>Tennyson.</i>
16	S	Yea, wait thou on the Lord.— <i>Ps. 27, 14.</i>
17	S	In the morning sow thy seed.— <i>Eccl. 11, 6.</i>
18	M	The husbandman hath long patience.— <i>Jas. 5, 7.</i> On a farmer's tombstone, dated 1740, in Arrat graveyard near Brechin, are those lines: "Of all employment that may be found Husbandrie ought to be crowned."
19	TU	The King himself is served by the field.— <i>Eccl. 6, 9.</i>
20	W	They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.— <i>Ps. 126, 5.</i>
21	TH	The feast of ingathering.— <i>Ex. 23, 16.</i>
22	F	Boaz said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you.
23	S	And they answered him, The Lord bless thee.— <i>Ruth 2, 4.</i>
24	S	These things saith He Which hath the sharp sword.— <i>Rev. 2, 12.</i>
25	M	A flaming sword which turned every way.— <i>Gen. 3, 24.</i>
26	TU	If I whet my glittering sword.— <i>Deut. 32, 41.</i> "Pesth, 8 June, 1867: To-day (the day of his coronation) the Emperor of Austria cantered his Arab steed up the Crowning-hill and flashed his sword four times, N., S., E., and W., striking with it towards the four corners of his Empire."— <i>The Duke of Argyll's Passages from the Past.</i>
27	W	I will be unto Zion a wall of fire round about,
28	TH	And will be the glory in the midst of her.— <i>Zech. 2, 5.</i>
29	F	Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.— <i>Is. 45, 22.</i>
30	S	Our God shall fight for us.— <i>Nehemiah 4, 20.</i>
31	S	Alleluia: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.— <i>Rev. 19, 6.</i>

September, 1913.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 9.

Two Scholars.



*Her First Day, and his Last, at School.*

## The Morning Watch.

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,  
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.*

*Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

### Two Scholars.

HER first day, and his last, at school! But that is not quite correct. For school begins the day we are born, and it goes on till the hour of death. The whole of life is school, and all things that happen, our joys, our sorrows, our games, our work, our own experience or the unbought experience of others; and all people whom we meet, be they life-long friends or the casual acquaintance of one half-hour, are sent by God to be "schoolmasters to bring us to Christ."

When Lord Kelvin at the age of 75 gave up his professorship in Glasgow University, he enrolled his name afresh in the College Album as "a research student." Of John Richard Green the historian, it is said on his tomb at Cannes—"He died learning." And if by God's grace we open our eyes in glory, it will still be to see, and learn, and know; and this seeing and knowing and learning shall go on for ever and ever.

Most children, I think, remember something or other that happened the first day they took their place in a class with others. I hope that little lass in the picture will have some happy, solemn memory of the day her grandfather met her at the school-door and brought her home by way of the old churchyard, where he prayed, alike for himself and her, that God would enable them to glorify Him all their days here and all their life hereafter.

I hope that little maiū will live to be a missionary or a missionary's wife!

## Concerning Birthdays.

*(Continued from page 88.)*

72nd  
Birth-  
day.

On March 9, 1880, Dr. Charles Merivale, Dean of Ely, author of the *History of the Romans under the Empire*, wrote to his sister-in-law: "Thank you dearly for your kind reminiscence of my birthday. You were more impulsive than another friend who wishes me 'happy returns,' and adds—'but at your time of life we don't say *many*.' Whatever the number of our days I hope we may enjoy a good many of them together." To the same lady he wrote nearly twelve years after, December 27, 1891: "I have been amusing my party by making out a list of friends and personal acquaintances still living—

73rd  
Birth-  
day.

63 in number, all octogenarians." (That's a big word and you must find out what it means.) Of those 64, including himself, all over eighty years of age, 14 were ladies, and 21 were ministers.

When James Lonsdale, 1816-1892, a distinguished Oxford scholar and coach (or tutor), was asked by a friend in 1889 to take charge of his parish for a time, he said to him, "I am 73 and hardly feel equal to it. Great age 73, and we have no right to expect much after 70. All that we get after 70 is as it were cribbed out of eternity. . . . Of course 73 is *laudator temporis acti* (that is, a praiser of the time or age that is past), but I do think that self-indulgence is gaining ground. Tradesmen invent many corrupting businesses. . . . We are to go to Ashley in August, only I doubt the future at 73." This letter was signed "C.V.F.", that is, "*Currus Vetustate Fractus*," The Coach broken down with old age.

When Mr. Lonsdale's father died, all he left had to be divided. The family agreed to do it amicably. On the first day they divided the pictures. Mr. Lonsdale kept saying he did not care for pictures, and he did his best to get as few of them as he could. Next day, as they began to divide the plate, he said, "Yesterday I told you I did not like pictures, but *plate* I hate." He seemed ambitious to let all the others have everything !

Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of *Self Help*, under the date 23rd December, 1885, writes thus in his autobiography : "This day I enter my seventy-fourth birthday. I was reminded of this at last Sabbath's service. 'The days of man are but as grass: for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.' Alas ! I am growing old, and the time is rapidly coming when I too must depart and join the majority. And yet how many things have I yet to do, or at least designed to do. Many of these I must leave to others. I have generally had work enough mapped out to fill at least ten years of life. . . . How different is my feeling of a birthday now, from what it was when I was a boy. Then the days dragged along slowly: they seemed to tarry; and I longed to be a man, and doing a man's work. Now the years seem to fleet like the wind. . . . I have spent much of my time carelessly and foolishly; missed many opportunities for improvement; wasted powers, indulged in false hopes, and wandered after meteoric follies. . . . My life must stand or fall by what I have done, not by what I have dreamt. I have been getting together, page by page, that which is good or bad. It has become stereotyped in me, and must remain there so long as I live. . . . In the course of a few more birthdays the whole story will be told, and the book will be finally closed, so far as this life is concerned."

"Oct. 1, 1888. Seventy-four ! What an age I once thought it ! And yet I am thankful to feel much buoyancy of spirit and body, and have been surprised at myself."—*Lord Cranbrook's Diary*.



74th  
Birth-  
day.

A 74th and a 75th birthday are joined together in the lines in which Tennyson dedicated his "Tiresias" to his friend Edward Fitzgerald, March 31, 1863. After speaking of friends who "outvalued all the rest," he says :

Voices heard on earth no more ;  
But we old friends are still alive,  
And I am nearing seventy-four,  
While you have touched at seventy-five ;  
And so I send a birthday line  
Of greeting.

Two-and-a-half months afterwards Fitzgerald died suddenly, and Tennyson says the rhymes "that missed his living welcome" now seem

Like would-be guests an hour too late,  
Who down the highway moving on  
With easy laughter find the gate  
Is bolted, and the master gone.

*In time of drought.*



## MEN OF RENOWN.

*One generation shall praise Thy works to another.—Ps. 145, 4.*

IN his book, *The Spanish Conquest in America*, Sir Arthur Helps tells the story of an Indian who, 400 years ago, tried to escape from the island of Hispaniola, or Hayti as it is now called, whither he had been carried captive by the cruel Spaniards. The man, who had been a Carpenter, cut down a large, light, pithy tree called a yauruma, hollowed it out, put maize and some calabashes full of water into the hollow part; then he put the stems of smaller trees across the main trunk, and lashed those stems together with stringy roots like cords, and filled the spaces between the stems with leaves, and so made something of a raft. He took on board with him another Indian man and woman who were friends of his. Having provided themselves with oars, away they paddled, having the North Star for their guide. "There is somewhat of immortality in a stout-hearted action," adds Sir Arthur, "and though long past, it seems still young and full of life, and one feels quite anxious now, as if those Indians were still upon that sea, to know what becomes of them. On they went, day after day, night after night. The loathed Island of Hispaniola had long been out of view; they had already gone 200 miles. 'Cheer up, sister Indian, not many mornings will dawn upon us till we behold our own dear land again.' But what is that black thing in the distance? No land of home

—but one of those accursed Spanish caravels coming! and the bold wanderers are again in the power of their adversaries, are again on their way to the hated Hispaniola."

"*There is somewhat of immortality in a stout-hearted action.*" That is a great sentence. All deeds are immortal, for there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be known. Everything we do, therefore, may be, and should be, done well. This immortality with most deeds is in the future; it is still to come. But some deeds, just like some men, as Enoch and Elijah, are never allowed to die. Other deeds, like Moses, are raised from the dead before the Resurrection of the great day. God gives us proofs, signs, foretastes, of this immortality that is to be.

But deeds are not only themselves immortal; they have the gift and power of making other deeds immortal too.

We see this, for example, in the way one deed recalls another. Take an instance from the realm of sports and what we call "pastimes." Last month I told you about a lad who, in the Eton and Harrow Cricket Match, made himself "immortal"—that was the very word the papers used—by making 173 runs when things were going badly for his side. But the papers, which told us that, told us also that young Geoffrey Wilson's score was the second highest made by any one in the 79 matches that have been played between the two schools since the first in 1805, and that the record is

held by a Devonshire lad, J. C. Boles, who made 183 runs for Eton in 1904. That, too, was an innings in which the player showed rare self-mastery. For when things were looking ill, he played so cautiously and wisely that he took 105 minutes for his first 20 runs, while his last 35 were scored off two consecutive overs. And so Mr. Boles, who had been pretty well forgotten by cricketers throughout the country, got a new lease of fame this summer! Further, it was recalled that his 183 had beaten a record that had stood for 63 years—the 152 made for Eton in 1841 by Emilius Bayley. Next came T. G. O. Cole's 142 for Harrow, and so on, and so on. Just as, when trucks are standing on a railway line, the shock given to the one that stands first passes to them all in turn, and we hear the "dunt" each one gives its neighbour; so in the years to come, when the reporters describe the Eton and Harrow Match they will tell us, according to the altering circumstance, that the interest and excitement reminded them of the game in 1913, or that the lack of interest and excitement contrasted painfully with what were shown when Geoffrey Wilson almost beat the record of J. C. Boles, who, in 1904—"if our memory serves us rightly"—wrested the laurels that had rested on the brows of the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley for—"unless we be mistaken"—either 62 or 63 years, etc., etc.

The same thing happens in all departments of our daily life. One good deed recalls another. If a

man does a kindly thing, we say, "I once knew a man who did a thing very like that." If a girl pleases us by her calm and gentle way, do we not say she is the very image of her grandmother? and we begin to tell some of the things we have seen her grandmother say or do. One thing suggests another; a second name recalls a third and a fourth, and each of them sets us a-looking unto Jesus, Who is the Captain and Perfecter of every grace.

"For so the whole round earth is every  
way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of  
God."



### One Berry.

*Is not this a brand plucked out of the  
fire?—Zech. 3, 2.*

ONE day lately I saw a friend at work in his garden mowing his little lawn. He seemed to be finding the edge a little difficult to do.

"Ay," he said, "I'm like the scavenger that was sweeping round a lamp-post who said he was doing a bit of fancy work. It's this little currant thing that's bothering me; it has bothered me four years now." And he pointed to a small stem, about 16 inches high, with one or two little tufts of leaves at the top.

October, four years ago, he told me, he was gathering weeds and dead twigs and clippings off his bushes to be burned. After he had set fire to them, wishing to mark something or other—he couldn't remember what it was—he pulled a





little, dry, dead-looking twig out of the rubbish heap, and stuck it in the ground at the edge of the grass. When spring came he was surprised to see two tiny buds on it. These flourished more or less all summer. Next spring he meant to haul it up, but it budded and even blossomed, and though it added a few minutes to his work every time he cut the grass—and there is always *so* much to do in a garden—he spared it out of pity and curiosity. It seemed ridiculous to think that that dead twig should ever think of bearing fruit. The year after it was the same. It was like the baby in one of the Earl of Beaconsfield's books; "he could not say it thrived, but it would not die."

But, surely enough, this year it seemed a good deal livelier; it grew, and it budded, and it blossomed, and when July came, my friend saw a mavis standing gazing up at it one day—gazing at a red currant. It had borne fruit at last, it had proved itself not altogether a cumberer of the ground, no longer a mere consumer, non-producer, but a berry-bearing tree, though, no doubt, with the minimum of marks. But there is promise in that one; there is more where that came from.

So I passed by the vineyard of my neighbour. Then I saw, and considered it well. I looked upon it, and received instruction. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease, and though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground,

yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. If that be true, there is hope for any one of us if Christ says "Live!" And we know that a bruised reed shall He not break.

But I should like to know what that thrush is thinking of. I wonder if it would really have the heart to eat that currant and so swallow up all that little bush's credentials at one gulp! Or has it had a wise mother that has taught it always to leave something for others, and to remember that the owner of a tree who has planted it and digged about it and been kind to it has some claim to the fruit it bears? For there are certainly some birds very inconsiderate. They take a peck at every strawberry as it ripens, and eat all the best gooseberries before one's very face, and then go and sing in a garden where they got nothing.



### The Serving Women's Mirrors.

*And Bezalel made the laver of brass, and the base thereof of brass, of the mirrors of the serving women which served at the door of the tent of meeting.*  
—Ex. 38, 8. R.V.

THE serving women would be the women who swept and cleaned the courts, for there were thousands of people constantly coming and going; and they would include also those who acted as waitresses, or attendants, or guides, or tried to make themselves in any way useful to the women and little children who drew near to God. Everybody else was giving something to make

the tent and all about it beautiful. Rich women gave their jewels; clever women did spinning and weaving and embroidery; poor women brought handfuls of goat's hair. The serving women were probably most of them poor, though perhaps there were amongst them honourable women not a few, who were not too proud to put their necks to the work of their Lord. They were already giving themselves and their services to Him, and one might well have thought that, as they were connected officially with the tent, and were so to speak "part of the concern," there was no need for further gifts from them. When we see them giving gifts like other people, we are like little children amongst ourselves when they discover for the first time that a minister always puts something "in the plate" when the collection is taken up. They thought that ministers would go free, just as the driver and the guard of a train have no need to take out tickets!

First of all, it is to be noticed that they worked together. For often, when a joint-gift is proposed, there are those who stand out and say, "That won't do at all," and there is no end of strife.

Secondly, they gave, not something they had no use for, but something they could not do without. Even a man needs a looking-glass, and a woman, they say, needs two. It is everyone's duty to look his very best, and to dress wisely and tastefully. Some years ago when they were rebuilding a temple

in Japan that had been burnt down, many thousands of the women of that country cut their hair off to make ropes for the temple bells or gongs. That was a great sacrifice to make, and it was little less these serving women gave.

Thirdly, they gave their mirrors for a lowly purpose—to make a laver for the priests to wash their hands and feet in. It reminds us of Mary Magdalene who wetted our Lord's feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair, and her hair is a woman's glory. Nay, it reminds us even more of what our Lord Himself did, when, with His Own hands, He poured water into a bason, washed His disciples' feet, and wiped them with the towel with which He had girded Himself. And all these things He did, not simply to give us an example, but because it was a joy to Him to do it, a joy to handle and refresh and caress the feet that were in the days to come to do and suffer so much for Him.

It is to be hoped that some of the priests, at least, who saw their faces reflected as they washed in the laver, thought of and blessed the women who had so graciously remembered them. We may be sure God never forgot them. These women, like ourselves, had looked in their mirrors, and the next moment, as they turned away, the vision vanished. But it remained there all the same for God Who seeth in secret. The priests as they washed looked at themselves, but God saw deeper and beyond. And when, perhaps, some of these women as

they grew old, perceiving the beauty of their youth gone, would see their husbands' pride and love diminishing—

“Faded, not sure of thee, with desperate  
smiles,  
And pitiful devices of my dress  
Or fashion of my hair”—

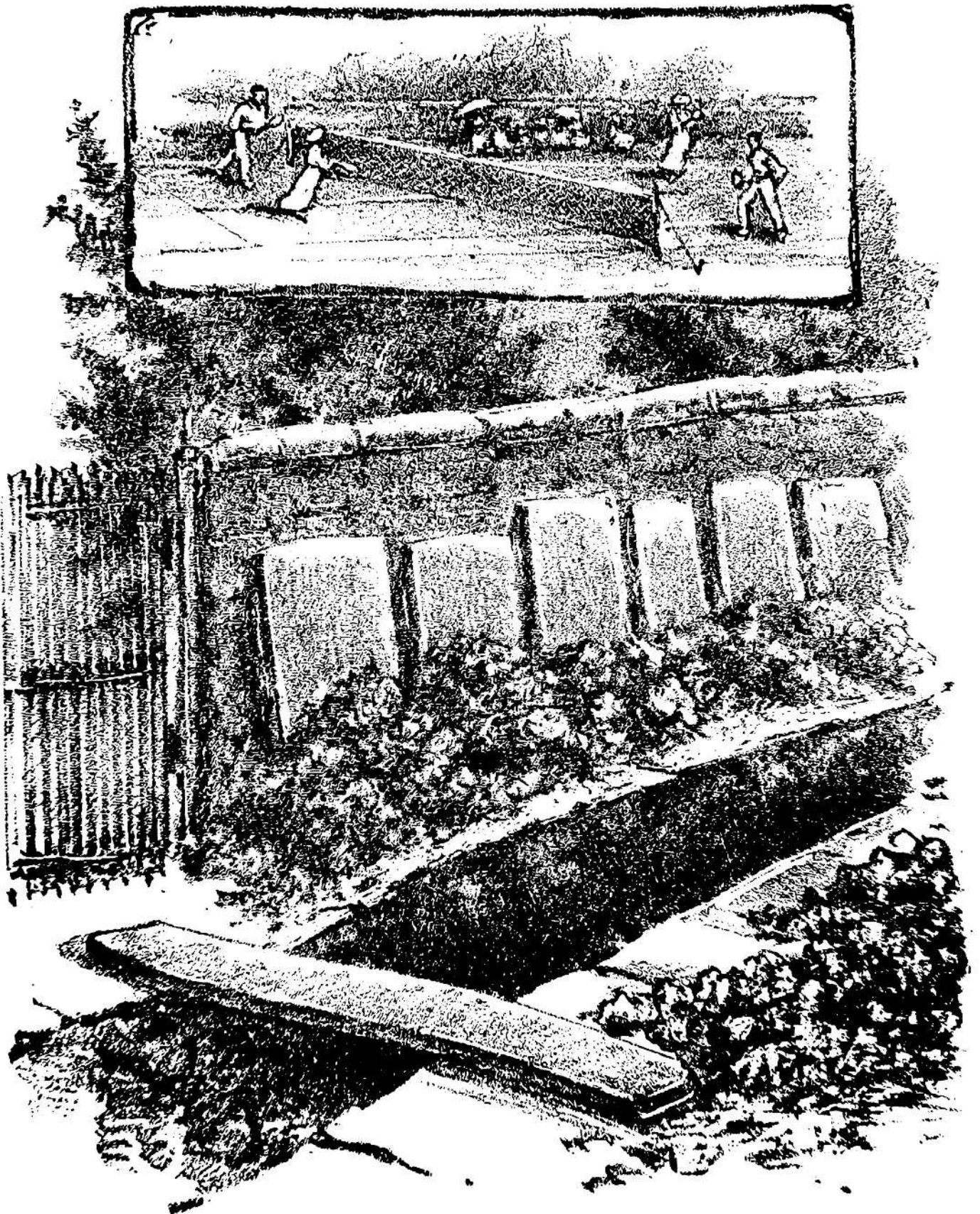
would they not find that in God's eyes they were ever beautiful? He would remember for them the kindness of their youth when they were young and bonnie and full of hope; to Him their “wrinkles would be even dearer than their dimples.”

## Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 9.

*The Town Authorities have been opening up the pavement to lay new pipes, and the children of the house and visitors and lawn tennis guests have had great fun crossing what they call their own special private bridge. But the family have not gone to the Church for two Sabbaths because, “you see, the roads have been so cut up.” They could have gone quite easily by the lane at the back, but they didn't like the idea of “sneaking out by a back door, as if going to Church were something to be ashamed of; they had too much respect for the Church to do a thing like that. And as for the front gate, as we said to the Minister, ‘Suppose it had been the dead of winter, with rain and snow and sleet and frost and fog—and look at the kind of fogs they have in London!—would it not have been cruel to ask people like our old grandfather and grandmother, that were over 80, to cross a narrow plank like that! They might have slipped and broken their necks!’ ”*

*“And what did the Minister say to that?”*

*“Oh, nothing! he COULDN'T say anything; he just asked how long it was since they had died, and he seemed surprised when we said it was four years ago, but he only added—‘you must have had a great respect for your grandparents; you evidently feel as if they were still with you, and one never regrets being kind to one's old folks.’ ”*





1	M	Thou restrainest prayer before God.— <i>Job 15, 4.</i>
2	TU	In all thy ways acknowledge Him.— <i>Prov. 3, 6.</i>
3	W	Teach us to pray.— <i>Luke 11, 1.</i> “The first day our first professor (Pillans of Edinburgh University) at the close of his Latin prayer said, ‘Now, Gentlemen, having consecrated our studies in this place by this act of worship, let us seriously begin,’ seemed to me to be the most eventful in my life, and I never lost my veneration for the man who said it.”— <i>Prof. Charteris.</i>
4	TH	A teacher come from God.— <i>John 3, 2.</i> Prof. Charteris’ father closed his school at Wamphray with prayer every day.
5	F	The Comforter, the Holy Ghost, shall teach you all things.— <i>John 14, 26.</i>
6	S	Your Father will give the Holy Ghost to them that ask Him.— <i>Luke 11, 13.</i>
7	S	They brought unto Jesus their babes.— <i>Luke 18, 15. R.V.</i>
8	M	The disciples rebuked them. Jesus called them unto Him.
9	TU	He bade them teach the children the song of the bow.— <i>2 Sam. 1, 18, R.V.</i>
10	W	The dew of thy youth.— <i>Psa. 110, 3.</i> “No,” said my friend; “my brother is no good at cricket, but then he hasn’t had a chance; he didn’t begin till he was six.”— <i>R. A. H. Mitchell: The Badminton Cricketer.</i>
11	TH	Spake not I saying, Do not sin against the child,
12	F	And ye would not hear? therefore his blood is required.— <i>Gen. 42, 22.</i>
13	S	The child shall be a Nazarite unto God.— <i>Judg. 13, 5.</i>
14	S	Some seeds fell by the way side.— <i>Matt. 13, 4.</i>
15	M	They stopped their ears that they should not hear.— <i>Zech. 7, 11.</i>
16	TU	Ye stiffnecked.— <i>Acts 7, 51.</i> “The world requires at least 10 years to understand a new idea.”— <i>Major Ross: The Prevention of Malaria.</i>
17	W	Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye.
18	TH	Making void the word of God through your tradition.— <i>Mark 7, 13.</i>
19	F	Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?
20	S	Philip saith unto him, Come and see.— <i>John 1, 46.</i>
21	S	Remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.— <i>Luke 23, 42.</i>
22	M	Remember that thou wast a bondman.— <i>Deut. 15, 15.</i>
23	TU	We have a great High Priest, passed into the heavens.— <i>Heb. 4, 14.</i>
24	W	Who was in all points tempted like as we are.
		He knoweth our frame.— <i>Psa. 103, 14.</i>
25	TH	I was an hungred.— <i>Matt. 25, 35.</i> “Shackleton told me that one day in the
26	F	Antarctic when they rose from eating hangrier than when they sat down, he
27	S	and his companions vowed, that if ever they got home and saw a hungry man or boy flattening his nose against a cookshop window, they would see to it that he got a good square meal.”— <i>Sir H. Lucy.</i>
		He giveth food to the hungry.— <i>Psa. 146, 7.</i>
28	S	(While Jesus was praying) the Holy Ghost descended like a dove upon Him.— <i>Luke 3, 22.</i>
29	M	Lo, in the dove’s mouth was an olive leaf pluckt off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated.— <i>Gen. 8, 11.</i>
30	TU	Thy Spirit is good; lead me.— <i>Psa. 143, 10.</i> Captain Sturt the Australian explorer found himself once in a waterless plain; the flight of a pigeon led him to a small puddle of rain-water. “I thanked God,” he says, “for this bounty.”— <i>Fitchett’s The New World of the South.</i>

October, 1913.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 10.

“Washing

a

Saint's Feet.”



## The Morning Watch.

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,  
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.*

*Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

### "The Covered Wagons."

*Numbers 7, 1-89.*

THE Seventh of Numbers is a great chapter, more ways than one. God had shewn Moses in the mount the pattern of all that was needed for the Tent of Meeting, and the people, including the princes, had already given not only much, but more than was required. God had not said one word about wagons, but love is the greatest of all the commandments and many waters cannot quench it. It has a way of its own of inventing new commandments, and even its very mistakes are beautiful.

Perhaps it was the action of the serving-women, who gave their mirrors to make a laver for the priests, that stirred up the princes to give a joint-offering, too.

The wagons were covered, partly in humility, perhaps, also, because the princes wished to give Moses and Aaron and his sons a little surprise. But God brings all their offerings out into the light; for there is nothing covered, least of all a gift of love, that shall not be revealed.

And was ever any gift made more of? We should have thought it quite enough if the names of the princes had been given, and if God had told us only what the first one gave, and then added that all the others gave each the very same. But just as Jacob—wasn't it so like him?—divided his present of cattle to Esau into five droves, and put a space between drove and drove to make it look as big as possible, so God does with the princes' gifts. We should have thought one hour, or at any rate one day, was quite enough for their presentation; or at the very utmost six days, seeing there were but six wagons. But each prince got a day, and each gift is separately named and held up to view, and so this chapter is one of the four that have over 80 verses, and is actually the second longest in the Bible. We should have used a lot of etc., etc., etc., and so saved 55 verses of what looks like vain repetition. But there are no etceteri's with God when He writes up the people. When Joseph was told that Pharaoh would like to see some of his brothers, he took five only and presented them; perhaps he was ashamed of some of the others; at any rate Pharaoh didn't say—"But I thought you said there were more, and I must see the whole eleven."

Then, after God had received their gifts and looked at them one by one, He sums them up and shows them all off together.

So when a congregation sings a psalm—say, the 20th; that's one you should all know by heart—He

hears not only the whole volume of their praise, but He hears the singing of every individual; and though they all sing the same words, He knows the different feelings with which they sing, and the different meanings they put into

those words. Just as He keeps note of their names in His book of remembrance, so He keeps a record of their gifts; their prayers are sweet incense whose odours never, never become stale; and even their tears He puts into His bottle.

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 112.)

74th  
Birth-  
day.

Dr. Alexander M'Laren, of Manchester, born in Glasgow, 11th February, 1826, one of the great preachers of modern times, in acknowledging a birthday letter in 1900, wrote: "Thank you for your good wishes. There is not much left to wish for now, except that we may be faithful to the end, and may feel that it is but the beginning." He lived ten years after that, dying on May 5th, 1910. On his gravestone are the words he himself chose: "In Christo, in Pace, in Spe"—In Christ, in Peace, in Hope.

In August, 1905, the late Lord Goschen wrote to Lady Hayter: "Many thanks for your birthday congratulations. Seventy-four! But I have considered myself seventy-four for some time past. I cannot class myself amongst the evergreens! There is an autumn tint upon me, but not quite leafless winter yet."

"Nay, should not such a shadow as I have been be thankful that at the eve of seventy-five I am not yet passed away?"—*Horace Walpole, 1717-1797, to Hannah More the Authoress.*

"In 1882," writes Mrs C. Earle in her *Memoirs*, "my mother, the Hon. Mrs Edward Villiers, wrote to her sister: 'You see, dear, I was never strong. I struck 75 on the 17th August, so at last I feel quite an old woman. My hair still lasts, only grey underneath on the temples. But I do feel much aged this year, and don't relish food a bit, though I can swallow what is needed. I take no wine at all and very little meat.' She had been a widow for 47 years. Her husband, a relation of Lord Clarendon's, would have risen to the top had he lived. 'We were only married,' she adds, 'eight years, alas! but we had nice children and all so well cared for; for it is wonderful, but God protects the widow and orphan, dear, and surely he has prospered us, so I am very thankful, and blamable to be low and unhappy, but I can't help it.'"

In 1849 Charles Dickens and John Forster travelled from London to Bath to see Walter Savage Landor on his birthday, "five years after



74th  
Birth-  
day.

he had crossed the bridge of seventy." The following day he sent them this letter: "My thanks were not spoken to you and Dickens for your journey of two hundred miles upon my birthday. Here they are—not visible upon the surface of the paper, nor on any surface whatever, but in the heart that is dictating this letter. On the night you left me I wrote the following: *Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher*:

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;  
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;  
I warmed both hands against the fire of life;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

As poetry critics would no doubt put these words far above our version of the 23rd psalm, or those lines of the 73rd:

Nevertheless, continually,  
O Lord, I am with Thee:  
Thou dost me hold by my right hand,  
And still upholdest me.  
Thou, with Thy counsel, while I live,  
Wilt me conduct and guide;  
And to Thy glory afterward  
Receive me to abide.

Yet in the realm of thought and feeling, and in the light of immortality, compared with these, rugged and prosaic though they be, are not Landor's verses sad and pitiable stuff?

75th  
Birth-  
day.

The career of Marcellin Berthelot, 1827-1907, the great French chemist, says Sir W. Ramsay, K.C.B., "is easily told; it consisted of honour after honour." On 24th November, 1901, the celebration of his 75th birthday was held in the great hall of the Sorbonne. The President of the Republic was in the chair. All the Cabinet, the Ambassadors of all countries, delegates from Universities and Scientific Societies from all over the world were present. His wife and her children and grandchildren occupied a conspicuous place, beaming over with unaffected pleasure. He had declined the State offer of a triumphal procession in the President's carriage with a military escort, and went on foot, with his greatcoat buttoned so as to hide the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and his head bowed down so as to avoid recognition. After being publicly embraced by the President he received the addresses of the delegates amid the enthusiastic shoutings of the spectators.

On March 18, 1907, a Monday afternoon, his wife died. Her husband, who had been watching by her bedside, suddenly rose from the arm-chair in which he was seated, threw his arms in the air, uttered a cry, and fell back dead. They had been lovers since their first meeting. She was a well-dowered girl, and of a great beauty which she had retained up to the end of her life, with a placid manner and most lovely eyes. "The first meeting of the young couple," says Sir W. Ramsay, "was somewhat romantic. One day she was crossing the Pont Neuf, the longest bridge in Paris, in the face of a strong wind, wearing a charming Tuscan hat, then the *mode*. Behind her walked her future husband; suddenly she turned

76th  
Birth-  
day.

round, to avoid having her hat blown off, and practically ran into his arms. If not exactly love at first sight, it was a case of love at first touch."

On his 76th birthday, "a sleepless night at Calais," Dr. Samuel Johnson composed this prayer: "O God, accept my imperfect thanks for the length of days which Thou hast vouchsafed to grant me. . . . Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me; but let me so love Thy laws, and so obey them, that I may finally be received to eternal happiness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

On his 76th birthday, 1st August, 1867, George Ticknor, 1791-1871, an American scholar and historian, made a memorandum of the names of intimate friends who were then living, whose acquaintance he had made from the third to the nineteenth year of his life. They were sixteen in number, and of these five outlived him.



"Welcome,  
O brown October!  
Like a pilgrim  
in russet."

## Rev. John Smith, M.A.

*Our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ.—Gal. 3, 24.*

MR. SMITH was one of the Assistant Masters at Harrow, one of the great public schools of England, from 1854 to 1880. He died in 1893 at the age of seventy, and now, twenty years after, some of his pupils have written a little book about him to let the world know what kind of man he was. He seems to have been one to whom Christ and heaven were very real and very near.

Here are some of what he called his "Watchwords," which he taught the boys under him in season and out of season.

1. "It is as easy to be a minute too soon as a minute too late." The first time a boy was late he had to repeat that sentence fifty times. And Mr. Smith took care, of course, never to be late himself.

2. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." All the boys had to show their hands every day before lessons began, and if anyone had dirty nails he was sent out to clean them, and when he came back he had to say that sentence fifty times and then go to the bottom of his class. And if a boy spilt ink on the "sacred floor" of the class-room, though he were a nobleman of high degree, he had to go after school, get a pail of water and soap, and clean it up; and then, when every trace of the offence had disappeared, he had to stand up and say "Cleanliness is next to godliness" 100 times!

3. "A difficulty is a thing to be overcome." No boy was allowed to say "I can't," which reminds one of what our neighbours across the channel say—"The impossible is that which Frenchmen are born to do."

4. "Duty before pleasure any day."

5. "The richest man is he who has the fewest wants."

6. "He who returns the blow is really he who begins the quarrel."

7. "Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day."

When a careless exercise was shewn to him, he would say, "Now, would you like our Saviour to look through this?" The answer was always prompt—"No, indeed, sir." Then he would say, "I'm nobody; it is the Saviour you must think of, not me." Nor would he allow a boy to have any blots or erasures in what he wrote. If a correction was necessary it had to be neatly written in the margin. Mistakes were excusable, but slovenliness was a thing not to be endured. His own letters were models of neatness and accuracy. One who has read a great number of them, written many of them in his old age and when he was in great pain, says he found only one mistake. He had spelt the word *calceolarias* '*calceorlias*,' but he had corrected it characteristically; he put \* after the word, and at the foot of the page he had written: "\* Please forgive misspelling—it is a very hard word."

In China the highest posts in the





empire used to be gained by written examinations, and beautiful writing was as necessary as high thinking. And once, they say, the essays written by the two best candidates were so equal in merit that the examiners could not say which was the better, and the papers were brought to the late empress, and she, holding them up against the light, found out that one of the writers had made a little mistake in one word and had then scratched it out! and that lost him the first place.

In the High School of Glasgow they used to give a medal every year to the best reader. But if one of the competitors made the slightest mistake, missing out a word, or mispronouncing it, he was instantly put out of the running, and to that rule—and it sometimes seemed a very hard one—the English master, Mr James Bell, would make no exception. Just as in Highland Games when men are doing the Sword Dance, the moment any one of them touches one of the swords, however lightly, the piper who accompanies him brings the music to a close, and the unhappy competitor makes his bow and leaves the ring.

Take one other lesson from Mr Smith. One Sabbath evening after worship he said to the boys: "As I pass along these wind-swept passages to-night, and, going into your rooms, see there your sleeping forms, and beside your beds your clothes unfolded or strewn upon the floor, I think to myself, 'Would the dear Lord be pleased if He came to fetch a boy in his sleep to-night, and

found that he had left his things in such disorder?' Would you do me the favour in future to fold up your clothes, and leave them ready on your chairs?"

On Monday, says the man who tells the story, came the sequel, overheard in words here written. "I say, what do you think?"—it was a little Lower-school boy speaking—"Last night, of course, I left my clothes about as usual. In came Old John. He called my name, but I didn't let on that I was awake. So he took up the things, and folded them, and put them on the chair himself. Of course he thought I was asleep, but I think it was rather a chouse, so I suppose I shall have to fold up my own clothes after this."

What passage towards the end of John's Gospel does this incident remind you of?"



**"I Think She Would Pass!"**

*If she have brought up children,  
if she have lodged strangers, if  
she have washed the saints' feet.*

—1 Tim. 5, 10.

OLD Mr. Hamilton, now in his 78th year, knew, and saw, that people, especially young folks, don't care to be bothered much with old men. Yet, though it grieved and humbled him, he did not complain. He accepted it as the punishment of his iniquity. He was reaping only what he had sown, and when he saw young men look at their watches and suddenly begin to walk quickly whenever they caught sight of him, as though they

were in haste to catch a train, he remembered he had sometimes done the same himself when he was young.

He had worked hard till he could work no longer, and as he had saved something off every wage, he had now a few shillings a week to live on, all honestly earned by his own hands. And, as always, he was still able and willing to help those whose need was greater than his own. He lived in a single apartment all by himself. One or two who knew the manner of man he was called it "the prophet's chamber." He had one or two favourite walks, which he enjoyed most when he got the chance of helping some old woman or some little child that was carrying a bundle or a heavy basket, and as he was always looking for such chances he was always finding them. For the world is full of people who are bearing burdens.

In a little cottage by one of these roadsides there lived a Mrs. Gordon, and one day she said to her husband and her daughter Marjory, "This is a good man that passeth by us continually. Don't you think we should ask him now and again to come in and sit down and have a rest?"

Mr. Hamilton was much pleased at being asked, and went in, but not often and never for long at a time, remembering the advice in Proverbs—"Let thy foot be seldom in thy neighbour's house, lest he be weary of thee, and hate thee."

He was particularly taken up with little Marjory; she was so kind and

thoughtful and busy, so sweet and neat. Her love for dolls amused him much, but she dressed them only to give away.

One Saturday, when he looked in, he found her bathing the canary's feet in warm water, and presently Marjory's mother heard him saying to himself—"Yes, I think she would pass!"

"Pass?" said Mrs. Gordon.

"Oh! I didn't know I had spoken, but I was thinking of what Paul said to Timothy about the kind of woman to whom he would give a good degree, and it occurred to me that though Marjory is neither a widow nor threescore years of age, she would pass the examination with flying colours and get at least 99 per cent of marks. For she has been hospitable to strangers and she has brought up children." And there the old man stopped, but after a little he added: "Do you know, Mrs. Gordon, that when a little girl is good to dolls she's doing a kindness to Christ? for she is good to them because they are like little children; she does it 'in the name of a disciple,' and therefore she does it to Him!"

"And then, thirdly and lastly and in conclusion, as the minister used to say when I was a boy, I can prove that Marjory has washed a saint's feet, for that is what she is doing now. Yes," he went on, "I think some birds at least are saints, and great saints. They are lonely little creatures, prisoners of little hope full of disappointed ambitions, and yet they are never done praising and blessing God." And then he

told her about a canary he was once asked to keep for a couple he knew, for four months. They had trained it well, he added. "It's like taking children to church; begin early—you can't begin too early with them—and you are all right. Well, this little canary's cage was always open, and it went in and out as it liked, and would perch on my finger the moment I held it up. And when I was at my meals it would light on my head and stand on my nose. One night at my tea I counted, and it was off and on my head no less than nine-and-thirty times, and no more, for it feared that if it exceeded forty it might look as if I were base in its sight, and it didn't like to be taking too many liberties with me. You know there is an verse in the Bible near the end of Deuteronomy that says that; and it's wonderful

how many verses and commandments these little creatures know off by heart; at least, if they don't know them, they keep them, which is better. And I used to wash the canary's feet, too, and it would kick and struggle and bite me, as much as to say a big man like me was never to wash its feet. But it was only funning, for it liked the warm water and the heat of my hand. And when I sang at worship at morning and evening it sang too and danced with all its might, like King David before the ark, and when I was stopping after two verses—for I had only an hour at breakfast-time and a mile back and forwards to go to my work—it would say, 'I think you have time for a third verse, and that will do instead of reading a chapter,' and do you know, I had to do it!"

### Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 10.

*That young woman is not going to church because, a few Sabbaths ago, three inches of braid on her dress, fortunately not a new one, were torn by a nail in the pew. (It may have been done on the Monday, she admits, when she was shopping, but she rather thinks not.) And she wonders why the minister doesn't speak to the elders, or whoever it is who has to do with that kind of thing.*

*But she has gone out this week brambling with some companions. They had five days of it last year, and SUCH fun, though when they got home at night their clothes were in perfect rags, and what with scrambling in and out of ditches, and climbing over dykes, and forcing their way through thorns and prickles, they used up as many pots of vaseline anointing their wounds as they made pots of jelly!*





1	W	Take thought for things honourable.— <i>Rom. 12, 17. R.V.</i> “Mr Howitt tells of an old Quaker who, when the Society paid for his son’s schooling at Ackworth (the school Mr Bright afterwards went to) walked 70 miles there with the lad, to save the coach fare which the Society would otherwise have had to pay.”— <i>Trevelyan’s Life of John Bright.</i>
2	TH	I kept myself from being burdensome unto you.— <i>2 Cor. 11, 9, R.V.</i>
3	F	Neither did we eat any man’s bread for nought.— <i>2 Cor. 3, 8.</i>
4	S	Look every man also on the things of others.— <i>Phil. 2, 4.</i>

5	S	A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver.
6	M	As an earring of gold, so is a wise reprovcr.— <i>Prov. 25, 11. R.V.</i>
7	TU	Give heed to reading.— <i>1 Tim. 4, 13.</i> “The old practice of learning a good deal of poetry by heart stored the mind in the early years of life with fine thoughts in fine words.”— <i>University Addresses: by the Right Hon. James Bryce.</i>
8	W	A good man out of his good treasure bringeth forth good things :
9	TH	And the evil man out of his evil treasure evil things.— <i>Matt. 12, 35.</i>
10	F	Avoid profane and vain babblings.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 20.</i>
11	S	In the night His song shall be with me.— <i>Ps. 42, 8.</i>

12	S	Not a hearer that forgetteth.— <i>Jas. 1, 25. R.V.</i>
13	M	But a doer that worketh. “The steward of this world-famous Haddington farm was a Calvinist, a U.P., who spent all Sabbath in devotional exercises, at home and in church, and the week in putting into practical shape what he had professed on the Sabbath.”— <i>Other Days: A. G. Bradley.</i>
14	TU	Take heed therefore how ye hear.— <i>Luke 8, 18.</i>
15	W	Each tree is known by its own fruit.— <i>Luke 6, 44. R.V.</i>
16	TH	Bring forth fruit.— <i>John 15, 16</i> ; much fruit, <i>v. 8</i> ; more fruit, <i>v. 2.</i>
17	F	Always abounding in the work of the Lord.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 58.</i>
18	S	Their works follow with them.— <i>Rev. 14, 13. R.V.</i>

19	S	A man is known by his praise.— <i>Prov. 27, 21. R.V.</i> “Your Shetlanders can find fault, but they don’t know how to praise.”— <i>Dr Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh.</i>
20	M	There is a time to speak.— <i>Ecc. 3, 7.</i>
21	TU	He honoureth them that fear the Lord.— <i>Ps. 15, 4.</i>
22	W	Her husband praiseth her, saying, Thou excellest them all.— <i>Prov. 31, 28. R.V.</i>
23	TH	They said, Lord, he hath ten pounds.— <i>Luke 19, 25.</i>
24	F	Saul eyed David from that day.— <i>1 Sam. 18, 9.</i>
25	S	The children of Belial brought him no present.— <i>1 Sam. 10, 27.</i>

26	S	A father of the fatherless is God in His holy habitation.— <i>Ps. 68, 5.</i>
27	M	Thou art the helper of the fatherless.— <i>Ps. 10, 14.</i> “When I told him my father was dead, he said, ‘Poor laddie, God will be able to take the more care of you.’”— <i>John Smith, M.A., of Harrow.</i>
28	TU	The Lord upholdeth the fatherless.— <i>Ps. 146, 9. R.V.</i>
29	W	In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy.— <i>Hosea 14, 3.</i>
30	TH	Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive ;
31	F	And let thy widows trust in Me.— <i>Jer. 40, 11.</i>

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. II.

## A Little Gentleman.



*This little fellow is laying sheets of newspaper on a neighbour's newly whitened door-step, to keep it clean.*

*The MORNING WATCH Volume for 1913 will be ready, if all is well, by the 20th of November. Price, One Shilling.*

## The Morning Watch.

—o—

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print, but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.  
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.  
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

## A Little Gentleman.

*For the Lord thy God walketh  
in the midst of thy camp;  
therefore shall thy camp be  
holy: that He see no unclean  
thing in thee.—Deut. 23, 14.*

ONE likes to see deep, overhanging eaves, or a little porch, above a door. It shelters the caller who is waiting for the door to open, and it is, as it were, a hand held out in welcome.

So also one likes to see a woman wash a bit of the pavement in front of her house. It is what politicians would call "extending her sphere of influence," only there is no evil purpose behind it. It is like the word *SALVE*, Hail! which the Romans used to put in mosaics on the threshold.

One such door I saw a few weeks ago in a very poor street in Greenock.

In ordinary circumstances, a boy's first thought when he sees a white-washed step, especially if he have the good fortune to be bare-footed

at the time, is to put his foot right in the middle of it. It is like seeing one's self in print, making one's mark in life, doing something that stands out clear and clean-cut, of which, for a little time at least, he can say—"That's me! it was me that did it!" It is the same instinct that makes a boy go to a quiet "close," or entry, and holler in it with all his might. It is the human weakness that every orator has; he likes to hear himself speak, and to think that others hear him far away. It is like making sure of an audience.

But on the day this step was cleaned I saw something very different. A neighbour's child, infected by the good woman's cleanliness and friendliness to the world at large, having got hold of some sheets of newspaper, was laying them down on the step, as no doubt he had seen some one do before, and was so much pleased with his work, and so eager to improve on it, that he kept dancing on and off the flagstone and the front doorstep and shifting the paper. One may be sure that before ten minutes were gone he had done more to undo all the woman had done than if he had thoughtlessly or wantonly gone over the stones several times. But it was done in the fulness of his love, and the blunders that love makes one does well to be very gentle with.



## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 113.)

76th  
Birth-  
day.

On April 3rd, 1859, Washington Irving, the American author, reached his 76th birthday. The day before, he had written the preface to the fifth and last volume of his life of George Washington. His birthday—it turned out to be his last—is thus described by his biographer: "A dull cheerless morning; overcast at dawn, and raining before seven. After breakfast a bunch of flowers was brought in from Robert, the most faithful of gardeners, a present for his birthday. Later a beautiful bouquet from a friend followed. 'Beautiful flowers,' he exclaimed, 'to a withered old man!' The dinner table was decked with the bouquet, and the dessert enriched with the various delicacies, presents from loving neighbours. All tried to be cheerful at dinner; but at the close, after a spasm of coughing had driven him from the room, and we felt the uncertainty of another birthday with him 'on this bank and shoal of time,' all rose from the table in tears."

He died late at night on the 28th of the following November. There had been a wonderful sunset that afternoon, and Mr. Irving had exclaimed again and again at the beauty of the prospect. At half-past ten he said, "Well, I must arrange my pillows for another weary night." A little after he was gone.

In July, 1885, Lord Tennyson, in sending Queen Victoria 100 printed copies of the poem he had written on the marriage of one of her daughters, said he was glad the verses had been approved of, "for I," he adds, "who enter my 77th year on the 6th of August, might well give in to the fear that the power of poetry was faded or fading in me."

"Saturday, May 29th, 1886.—My 76th birthday. I find there are only now *ten* Pre-Disruption ministers in full work. Of these I am one. What kindness in the Lord to spare me thus! But I know He may well say to me what was said to the disciple Philip, 'Have I been so long time with thee, and is this all thou knowest, and all thou hast done for Me?'"—*Dr. Andrew A. Bonar's Diary.*

When he reached his 76th birthday in June, 1909, Mr. Clark, a Cambridge scholar of much versatility, was presented by his friends with a book of essays and articles, entitled *Fasciculus Joanni Willis Clark Dicatus*, that is, A Packet dedicated to John Willis Clark. It was got up as a tribute from many friends of their appreciation of his kindness and of the tireless way he had worked for the University. It is a Continental custom, and by it a man's friends seek to link their names with his. This "festival-book," further, is supposed to bring the man who gets it not only a great deal of honour, but a little money as well. Mr. Clark's wife died before the book was ready for publication, but the news of its coming had been told her as a secret and had pleased her greatly.



76th  
Birth-  
day.

Sir J. M. Barrie's mother was buried, along with her daughter, who had died three days before, on her 76th birthday. After saying good-by to those who were about her, she turned her face and for over an hour she prayed. They only caught the words now and again, and the last they heard were 'God,' and 'love.' "I think," says her son, "God was smiling when He took her to Him, as He had so often smiled at her during those seventy-six years."

Her life, *Margaret Ogilvy by her Son*, is probably as extraordinarily frank and outspoken and loving an account of a mother as is to be found in any language. And there are many who wonder how he could speak of her as freely as he did. Yet I think most of those at least who have read the book over and over again and again are glad he wrote it after all. One curious thing about it is that many of the things he says about her, not only as to her character, but as to the very incidents of her life, might have been written word for word, line for line, almost page for page, about other women whom we have known.

Here is a picture from her childhood. "She was eight when her mother's death made her mistress of the house and mother to her little brother, and from that time she scrubbed and mended and baked and sewed, and argued with the flesher about the quarter pound of beef and penny bone which provided dinner for two days (but if you think that this was poverty you don't know the meaning of the word), and she carried the water from the well, and had her washing-days and her ironings and a stocking always on the wire for odd moments—all these things she did as a matter of course, leaping joyful from her bed in the morning because there was so much to do."

"Saturday, September 24, 1836, was his 77th birthday," says the biographer of Charles Simeon, a great evangelical preacher still remembered and commemorated in England and specially at Cambridge. "Though he had passed but an indifferent night he rose early this morning; and when his attendant came to him, he was sitting in a favourite spot before the window to enjoy the first beams of the sun, and employed in writing a letter in which he said, 'Of course my University Sermons are laid aside; if not life itself.' On repeating this to the attendant, he added: 'What can I expect? I entered my 78th year to-day. I never expected to live so long; I can scarcely believe I am so old; I have as yet known nothing of the infirmities of age, though I have seen a good old age. I know however it will all be ordered well.'" The Sermons referred to were a course he was to deliver before the University the November following on Col. 2, 17, "Which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ." It was somewhat remarkable that he died the very day and hour on which he hoped to be delivering the first of them. Some days before his death, when he had been lying silent with his eyes closed for many hours, he suddenly remarked, "If you want to know what I am doing, go and look in Ephesians 1, 3-14; there you will see what I am enjoying now."

He was an athlete in his youth, being able, as Dr Goodall of Eton has recorded, to snuff a candle with his feet, and jump over the top of six chairs in a row.

## The Apple-Stealers.

*And the sound of a driven leaf shall chase them; and they shall flee as one fleeth from the sword; and they shall fall when none pursueth. And they shall stumble one upon another.—Lev. 26, 36. R.V.*

**I**F these boys had been delivering milk, or bread, or butcher meat, or even if they had needed to go in to ask if there was anybody called "Montgomery" living in the neighbourhood, they would have had no difficulty in opening the gate and going in; indeed the gate would almost have opened to them of its own accord. But as they only wanted to steal apples, it was wonderful how many things came in their way. There was always some one coming or going along the road, or a conveyance; occasionally a policeman, too. Once or twice, as they were actually going to the door to try the handle, some visitors came out of the house and met them. There was a big light-brown Irish terrier also that lived somewhere near, that was always turning up in unexpected places. It was a most good-natured dog, eager to make friends with any one who would shew himself friendly. But the sense of guilt in the boys' hearts showed itself in their faces and in their heels and though the dog couldn't make out what was wrong, it felt that these were not like ordinary boys, whose faults were of a different kind, and it gave them a fright or two.

But September was well on now, and any day it might be found that the apples had all disappeared. So the boys made up their minds one Saturday to come. They would have the whole day before them.

So they betook themselves early to the place, and spent a lot of time watching the comers and goers who had a nasty, unfair way of passing, one by one, at intervals of two or three minutes, instead of all at once. Some more time was spent in telling each other that they weren't a bit afraid of the dog, and showing how they would grip it by the throat and choke it if it ran at them. And still more time was spent in daring and defying one another and saying,

"You're frightened."

"I'm not a bit frightened."

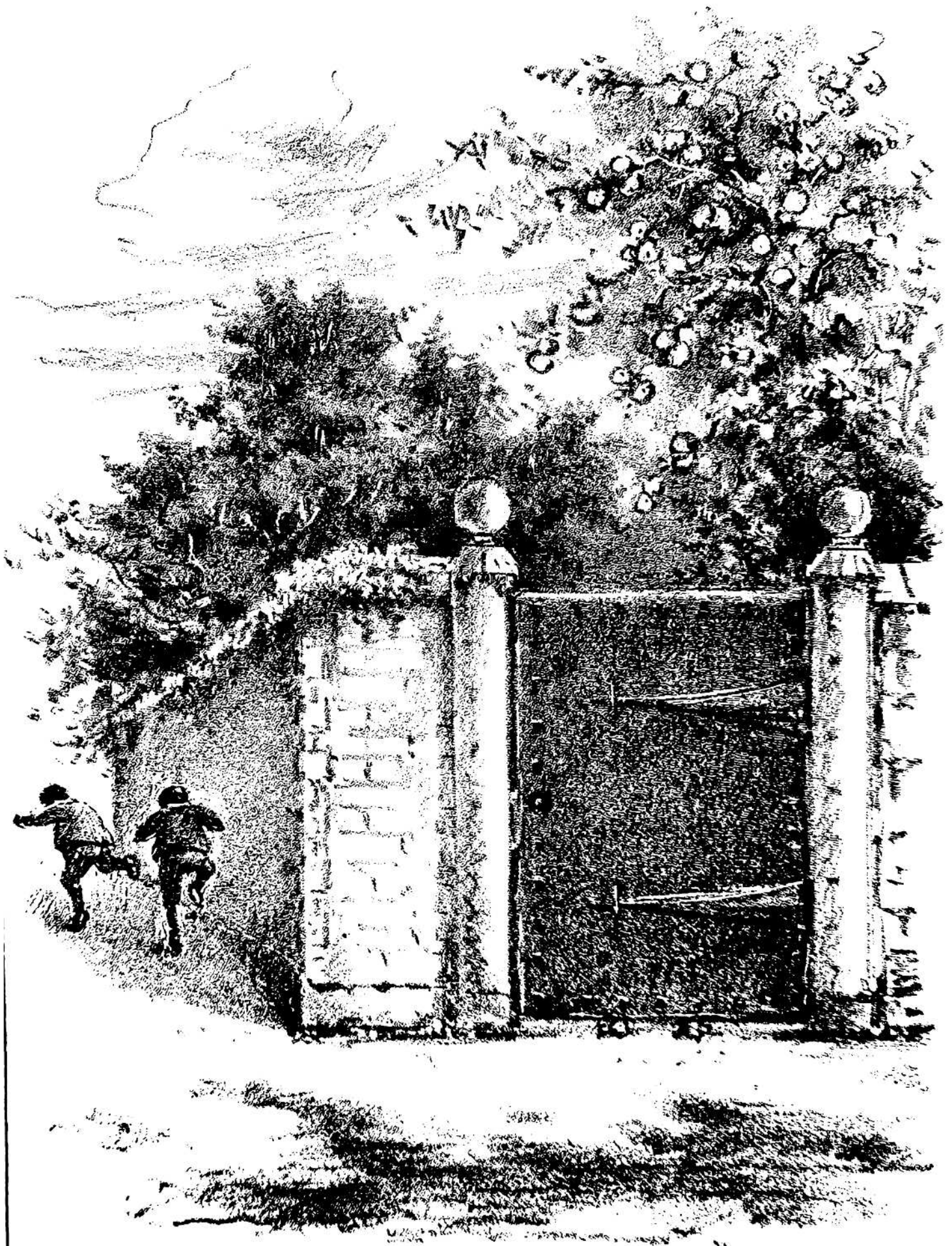
"Oh, but you are!"

"You're frightened yourself," and so on and on.

And now it was coming on to two o'clock, and they must soon go home; and the apples were still on the tree.

About this time there was a quiet spell, and when at last there was neither man nor beast in sight as far as they could look, the boys ran up to the garden gate, and lo and behold! there, on the other side of it, in the open space betwixt the gate and the ground, they saw two of the terrier's light-brown paws, and instantly turned and fled.

On the Monday they told the other boys at school, to whom they had been promising a share of the spoil, what a fight they had had with a great big mastiff with a white spot on its breast and huge red and



yellow eyes, that rushed out at them and then ran away in and gave the alarm to the people who lived in the house, and how a man came after them with a big stick.

Now there was a boy in their school who used to deliver newspapers in the morning and evening, and on Saturday afternoons. And when they were done with their blood-curdling story, which was already bringing them more glory than a bushel of apples would have done, he said to them, "I know what it was that frightened you, for it gave me a little bit of a fright myself at first. Did you see the brown terrier's paws?" "Yes, yes!" they had seen them, too, but had quite forgotten to mention that.

"Ah, well, it was that that made you run, and they weren't a terrier's paws at all, but two withered plane-tree leaves that were sticking to the gate and dancing in the wind!"



### The Burning of the "Vultarno."

*Our gathering together unto Him.—2 Thess. 2, 1.*

AT 9 o'clock on the morning of Friday, on the 10th of last month, President Woodrow Wilson of the United States of America, standing in one of the rooms of the White House in Washington, touched a little button which sent a signal 3500 miles for the destruction of what was called the Gamboa Dyke, the last obstacle to the union of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In the magnitude and methods of the Panama Canal, says Mr. Bryce, lately British Ambassador to the

United States, in his book on South America " . . . there is something which a poet might take as his theme. Never before on this planet have so much labour, so much scientific knowledge, and so much executive skill been concentrated on a work designed to bring the nations nearer to one another and serve the interests of all mankind." And in another place he says: "The Panama Canal is the greatest liberty Man has ever taken with Nature . . . Nowhere else do there remain two Continents to be divided, two Oceans to be connected, by a water channel cut through a mountain range."

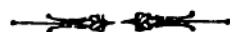
On that same Friday morning, a few hours earlier, ten huge steamships, American, French, German, British, summoned from their various paths by Marconi signal, were gathered in Mid-Atlantic round a ship that was on fire, with upwards of 700 souls on board, men, women and little children. It had been a night of storm, so stormy that those who seemed doomed to die and those who would fain have rescued them could only stand afar off and look at one another in helpless agony. But joy came in the morning with the last of the ships that hastened to the Vultarno's aid, the *Narragansett*, for, in the providence of God, she was laden with oil, and this oil she, like a good Samaritan, poured out ungrudgingly, and so calmed the waves that all who were still on board the burning ship were saved.

It is one of those stories that bring a lump into one's throat.



In one of his books of *Daily Devotional Readings*, Dr. Alexander Smellie of Carlisle, speaking of that text in the *Thessalonians*, writes, beautifully as is his wont, of "the multitudes that gather beneath the Cross of Christ for pardon, and about the character of Christ for holiness, and round the Throne of Christ for prayer, and to the Grace of Christ for rest, and to the Person of Christ for the blessedness of heaven." There, surely, upon the ocean, three weeks ago, at the bidding of those messages that flew like doves each to its own window, there was a new and marvellous gathering of the nations to one another and to Christ—a gathering the very thought of which might well make them all ashamed of the time and money and strength and talk they spend on those ships which we call by such pagan and unchristian names as *Devastation*, *Minotaur*, *Revenge*, *Implacable*, with their torpedoes that make the very depths of the sea a pathway for death, and their guns

that send their shells five miles into the very heights of heaven to strike an enemy seven leagues away.



### Prof. Robinson Ellis.

*In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, . . . and those that look out of the windows be darkened.—Eccl. 12, 3.*

ON the 9th of last month there died at Oxford, aged 79, Mr. Robinson Ellis, the Corpus Professor of Latin Literature, a man who by his edition of Catullus, published forty years ago, helped to raise the name of England for Latin scholarship all over Europe.

His chief duty latterly was the delivery of one or two public lectures every year to the members of the University or any others who chose to come. Four years ago, happening to be in Oxford, I counted myself very happy in having



the opportunity of hearing him speak "On certain recent German Editions of some Minor Latin Poets." It was one of the great weeks of the Oxford year, known as the Eights' Week, when the annual boat races take place between the different Colleges, eight men in each boat, and the city is filled with visitors from far and near. People who wish to hear about Manilius are not to be found in great numbers anywhere, not even in a University, and least of all amongst those who come simply to attend its festivals, but such was the fame of the man that I thought there might be, peradventure, fifty within the city. But there were not even fifty lacking five, nor forty, nor thirty, nor twenty; there lacked even one of ten.

At five minutes to the hour there were only three persons present, one undergraduate student, and myself, and a young German scholar whom I had fallen in with in the Corpus Christi Court half-an-hour before, who had come early to secure a seat. His knowledge of the way some eminent professors in his own country are treated might have prepared him for an even smaller audience than nine, but he was evidently much astonished. There came, happily, two or three great scholars into the little company, "fit audience though few," and I was only too well pleased, for the honour of the place, at being able to point them out to him. I remember specially how glad I was when he showed his delight at seeing Dr. Murray, the man whose

English Dictionary, still unfinished after more than thirty years of labour, is reckoned by foreigners one of the great glories of our land. (I wish it were possible to tell further what everyone who visits Oxford hears of Dr. Murray's high Christian character, and of his valiant adherence to his own dissenting church in a city and amongst a community where such courage and faith are sorely tried.) "And I am glad to have seen Dr Murray," were the young man's last words to me.

Last May, being again in Oxford, I saw in one of the College courts an intimation that Mr. Robinson Ellis was to lecture next day on Ovid, a Latin poet, some of whose works had for the first time been included in the list of University examination subjects. A few minutes before the hour the Professor, very blind and feeble, came into the Hall leaning on the arm of a young Tutor from another College who was to read his lecture for him. It was certainly, in its way, one of the most pathetic sights I have ever seen. There were present only another man and myself. "How many have come?" I heard the old man ask—he was sitting only a few feet from me—then, without waiting for an answer—and the kind Tutor naturally was in no haste to give one—he continued: "I was not expecting any one in particular; I thought perhaps Dr. Murray might come."

When the hour struck we were seven in all. These included a lady, who had evidently come from

friendship, one student, Dr. Case the President of the College, and, happily, Dr., or rather Sir James, Murray. When the lecture was over—and it was very short—Sir James, in a few kindly, well-chosen words, moved a vote of thanks, and it was touching to see how greatly the aged scholar was pleased by them.

Do you know these lines of Sir Walter Raleigh's? You should learn them off by heart.

“ Tell Age it daily wasteth,  
Tell Honour how it alters,  
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,  
Tell Favour how it falters.”

There is nothing so short-lived as earthly fame. The glory that lads get even on the football field—and that at present seems the surest and quickest path to fame—is a glory that passeth soon away. The heroes of one Saturday, if they only make a mistake or two, or if some other player outpace or outwit them, are hooted off the field the next as

superfluous veterans, and within a year or two are utterly forgotten. Remember therefore thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Be good at all manly games if you can, and good at your lessons. But seek first the honour that comes from loving and serving God and Jesus Christ Who died for us.

We should pray often for lonely scholars, and lonely missionaries, and all lonely men and women, whether in high place or in low, who are doing great things though there is no one to regard them. Remember, as Dr. Wendell Holmes puts it, that there are martyrs who are “frozen in neglect” as well as martyrs who are burnt in the fire. And if you feel depressed yourself because there is no one to cheer you when you are doing well, then, like young Hugh M'Kail, the Scottish Covenanter who was hanged in Edinburgh in 1666, “Conceive, think, of the multitude of Angels who are onlookers.”

### Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 11.

*This lady has not gone to church since her husband died six months ago; she fears the associations connected with the pew in which they sat—somewhat infrequently it must be confessed—would be simply overwhelming. But she has taken a season ticket for the Winter Subscription Concerts, and has happily secured, by special favour of the Directors, the two seats he and she occupied last year. It will be such a solemn pleasure to her, she says, to have him once more in imagination so close beside her, and specially to-night, when it is to be Beethoven's 8th Symphony, a particular favourite of his, in which, as he used to say, the bassoon is so gloriously immortalised.*





1 S He changeth the seasons.—*Dan. 2, 21.* “All the trees are naked, and the ground damp, but the year must go round.”—*Dr. Johnson : Letter to Mrs. Thrale, 9 Nov., 1778.*

2 S Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God.—*Eccl. 5, 1.*  
 AL. MY. VAIN. THOWGHTS. STAY. YE. HEER.  
 BECAWS. MY. GOD, I. DO. DRAW. NEER. 1672.  
 —*From the lintel of the Door of the old church of Cambusnethan.*  
 3 M The place whereon thou standest is holy ground.—*Ex. 3, 5.*  
 4 TU This is the gate of heaven.—*Gen. 28, 17.*  
 5 W Moses called it, The tent of meeting.—*Ex. 33, 7.*  
 6 TH Laying aside envies, and all evil speakings.—*1 Pet. 2, 1.*  
 7 F Let the meditation of my heart be acceptable.—*Ps. 19, 14.*  
 8 S Thou understandest my thought afar off.—*Ps. 139, 2.*

9 S When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face,—*Ps. 27, 8.*  
 10 M My heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.  
 11 TU As the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress.—*Ps. 123, 2.* “To make an order understood the men must be looking at the officer who gives it. Silence and attention are the first necessities for discipline.”—*Lord Charles Beresford, in Nash's Magazine.*  
 12 W The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth.—*Prov. 17, 24.*  
 13 TH I will counsel thee with Mine eye upon thee.—*Ps. 32, 8.*  
 14 F The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.—*Luke 22, 61.*  
 15 S They looked unto Him, and were lightened.—*Ps. 34, 5.*

16 S Our lamps are going out.—*Matt. 25, 8. R. V.*  
 17 M God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness.—*2 Cor. 4, 6.*  
 18 TU He that walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks.—*Rev. 2, 1.*  
 19 W The pure candlestick.—*Ex. 31, 8.* “The inspector of lighthouses has one instinct peculiarly developed—the discovery of dust. If the keeper permits a door-knob to become sullied, or permits dust to collect on his clothes, he is just as likely to overlook the polishing of the lantern lenses.”—*Lighthouses and Lightships : F. A. Talbot.*  
 20 TH Ye are seen as lights in the world.—*Phil. 2, 15. R. V.*  
 21 F John was the light that burneth and shineth.—*John 5, 35. R. V.*  
 22 S Thou wilt light my lamp.—*Ps. 18, 28. R. V.*

23 S I remember Thee upon my bed.—*Ps. 63, 6.* “We owe our best thanks to the giver of the soft blankets that have so often been our joy and put warmth into us after a bitter day; they came from a woollen mill at Trondhjem.”—*Captain Amundsen : The South Pole.*  
 24 M In peace will I both lay me down and sleep.—*Ps. 4, 8. R. V.*  
 25 TU Thou hast put all things under his feet : sheep and oxen.—*Ps. 8, 6.*  
 26 W She is not afraid of the snow for her household.—*Prov. 31, 21.*  
 27 TH The needy warmed with the fleece of my sheep.—*Job 31, 20.*  
 28 F The frost by night; my sleep fled from mine eyes.—*Gen. 31, 40. R. V.*  
 29 S I was naked, and ye clothed Me not.—*Matt. 25, 33.*

30 S He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.—*Is. 61, 10.*

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 12.

## A Little Gentlewoman.



*"This is a VERY s'ippery corner, Granny, and I think you should take my hand."*

NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1913.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

—o—

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,  
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

*Greenock: James M'Keivie & Sons, Ltd.  
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.  
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*That no one take thy crown.  
Rev. 3, 11. R.V.*

IN the newly published Diaries of Captain Scott we read: "Monday, 15th January, 1912. Only 51 miles from the Pole to-night. . . . It is wonderful to think that only two long marches would land us at the Pole. We left our depot to-day with nine days' provisions, so that it ought to be a certain thing now, and the only appalling possibility the sight of the Norwegian flag forestalling ours."

On Tuesday, the 16th, they came on sledge-tracks and ski-tracks and the marks of dogs' paws. On the

Wednesday he writes: "It is a terrible disappointment. . . . All the day dreams must go; it will be a wearisome return." On the Thursday they entered the little tent that Captain Amundsen had left behind him. Then a few hours afterwards they turned back—to die. And yet not to die.

In *Have Ye Not Read?*, the Annual Popular Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society—as delightfully written and as finely illustrated as ever—Mr T. H. Darlow tells us that parts of the Bible may now be had in 450 different languages, but that there are only 111 of these that have the whole Bible, and other 108 that have only the New Testament.

The "appalling possibility" before you boys and girls is this, that when you are twenty-five or thirty there will still be nations with no Bible to read. That is to say, there will be another generation of Christians that shall have lost the crown—the greatest earthly crown there is—of telling the nations about the love of God.

But there is another "appalling possibility" Are you young people to be like us old people and lose that crown too?

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 124).

77th  
Birth-  
day.

From John Wesley's Journal: "Wed., 28 June, 1780. I went to Sheffield; preached in the Square. I can hardly think I am entered this day into the seventy-eighth year of my age. By the blessing of God I am just the same as when I entered the twenty-eighth. This hath God wrought, chiefly by my constant exercise, my rising early, and preaching morning and evening."

(Continued from page 124).

77th  
Birth-  
day.

"At 77 it is time to be in earnest."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Whatever one may think of Mr. Gladstone—and it an unspeakably saddening thing in British politics that people, whom we would look upon as equally good and equally in earnest for the coming of God's Kingdom, hold not only different but absolutely contrary views about certain men and certain measures—there is something both interesting and pathetic about this extract from his Diary on his 77th birthday: "Dec. 29, 1886. This day in its outer experience recalls the Scotch usage which would say, 'terrible pleasant.' In spite of the ruin of telegraph wires by snow, my letters and postal arrivals of to-day . . . have been about nine hundred. The day was gone before it seemed to have begun, all amidst stir and festivity. O for a day of recollection. It is long since I have had one. There is so much to say on the soul's history, but bracing is necessary to say it, as it is for reading Dante. It has been a year of shock and strain. I think a year of some progress; but of greater absorption in interests, which, though profoundly human, are quite off the line of an old man's direct preparation for passing the River of Death."

On the morrow after his 77th birthday, 10th April, 1887, Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, the naturalist, father of the well-known critic, Mr. E. W. Gosse, wrote: "My zest and delight in my microscopical studies are unabated yet, so that every day is an unflagging holiday." When he was seventy-two he had said—"I know not what leisure means."

On Jan. 11, 1891, Sir James Paget, the surgeon, wrote to his elder brother: "I thank you very heartily for all your loving good wishes on my 77th birthday. They have helped to make it a very happy one—far more happy than years ago I could have thought possible. You are very good to tell of work that has been done and that has prospered; but I do not forget, and will not, that none of it would have been possible if your generosity and guidance had not given me a good start." He died in 1899.

"Boston, April 29, 1869. Don't give me up because I have grown old. At 77-8 a man does, not what he most likes to do, but what he is able to do; and I am not able to do the half of what I could in a day only a few years ago, nor half as well as then. A long time before I came to this conclusion good old Dr. Jackson told me in one of the last visits he ever made me, that he was reduced to one third. It seemed to me very strange, but I now find that my time is come, and coming. I feel constantly a great weariness, and avoid all the work I can, except reading, of which I have not yet begun to tire. I hope it will last me out, especially my love of old books; but I do not know. I care little about new ones."—*Letters of George Ticknor, American Historian.*



78th  
Birth  
day.

On his 78th birthday, Sir Robert Peel, Bart. (1750-1830), father of the famous Sir Robert, gathered his fifty children and grand-children at his house at Drayton and gave them each a silver medal in memory of the occasion.

On his 78th birthday, 1 April, 1893, Prince Bismarck received so many thousands of letters, telegrams, parcels, that his secretary said it would take more than three months to acknowledge them all. Is it not strange that in the very act of wishing him long life people were doing not a little to shorten it?

The *Autobiography* of Dr. Alexander Carlyle, 1722-1805, minister of the parish of Inveresk, known from his majestic appearance as "Jupiter Carlyle," begins its second paragraph thus: "I have been too late in beginning this work, as on this very day (26 Jan., 1800) I enter on the seventy-ninth year of my age; which circumstance, as it renders it not improbable that I may be stopped short in the middle of my annals, will undoubtedly make it difficult for me to recall the memory of many past transactions in my long life with that precision and clearness which such a work requires. But I will admit of no more excuses for indolence or procrastination, and endeavour (with God's blessing) to serve posterity, to the best of my ability, with such a faithful picture of times and characters as came within my view in the humble and private sphere of life, in comparison with that of many others, in which I have always acted."

Dr. Carlyle's fears were realised. His book closes with the history of his 48th year, "his pen," says John Hill Burton the historian, "having literally dropped from his dying hand."

On the 79th birthday of Victor Hugo, the French author, a multitude estimated at 100,000, filled the Avenue d' Eylau where he lived, and cheered him as he stood at his window with his children and grand-children. The Municipality had erected at the entrance to the Avenue lofty flag-staffs decorated with shields bearing the titles of his works and supporting a large drapery inscribed—1802 VICTOR HUGO 1881. A deputation of children, headed by a little girl in white, bearing a blue and red banner with the inscription—*L' Art d' être Grandpère* (The Art of being Grandfather), the title of one of his books, came also to see him.

### A Pillow.

*And He was asleep on a pillow.--  
Mark 4, 38.*

**W**HEN Dr. Samuel Johnson was dying, one of his friends, a Mr. Windham, a young man of high birth, arranged his pillow for him.

"Thank you," said the old man, "that will do—all that a pillow can do."

There are many things that a pillow can do, and one of them is this: it is a revealer of character. It shows our age, our nationality, our upbringing, our surroundings,

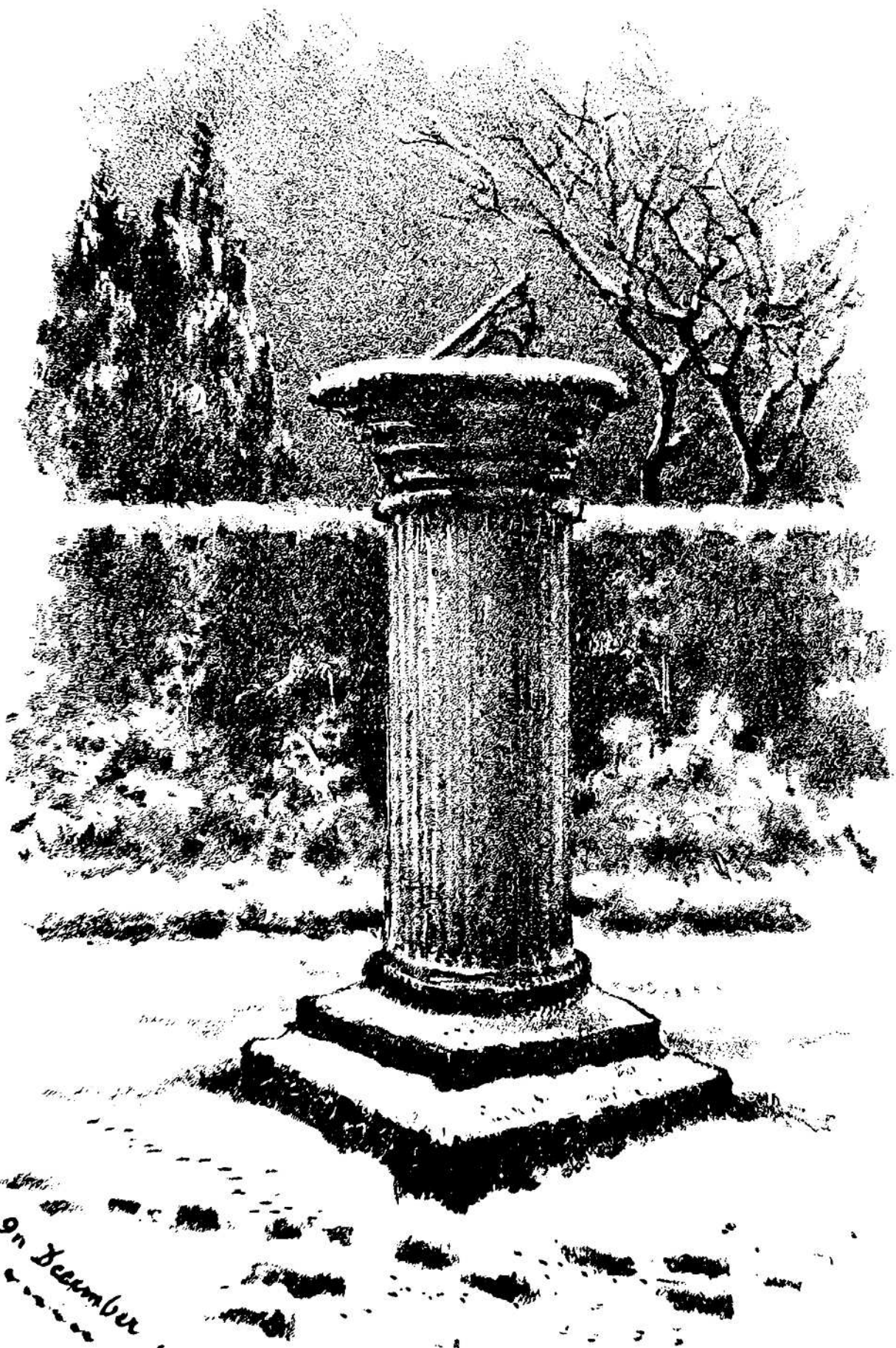
our manners, our state of health, alike of body and mind and soul. We spend at least one third of our lives with our heads on pillows of one kind or another, and when we think of that may we not well ask, What is there about us that a pillow does not know? What is there that it could not prove? Just as one look at our Lord's last resting-place made Peter see that He was "risen" indeed, and that He was the Lord of glory, so one glimpse at us as we lie down, and sleep, and dream, and wake, might well show what manner of men we are.

A pillow, too, could tell a great deal about the love of those who are round about us. When we lie down to rest for a little when we are tired during the day, or in the early evening, we often show our thoughtlessness and selfishness. We choose the best seat, and the attitude that is most comfortable for ourselves; we fall asleep holding the book or newspaper that every other

body is anxious to read. But Christ never did anything like that. When they took Him into the ship that day, "as He was," utterly weary and worn out, we may be sure it was not He Himself who put the steersman's cushion under His head. That was done either by the disciples when He lay down, or after He had lain down and had fallen asleep. Just as, when a man awakes after a little nap, he finds that his wife or mother has put a plaid or a shawl round his shoulders or over his feet to keep him from catching cold and make his rest the more refreshing, so our Lord was pleased when He awoke with the love they had shown Him while He slept.

So will it be with us hereafter. All the kind things we ourselves did that no one noticed at the time, and all the kindly things, more than we ever dreamed of, that were done to us—all of them alike shall be made known, "proclaimed upon the house-top."





9th December

## Lithographed Letters.

*Rise, He calleth thee.—Mark 10, 49.*

A MAN told me the other day that he had got a kind answer to a letter of congratulation he had written to a friend of his who had been made a baronet. The friend stated that he had received 760 letters on the occasion, and that he was going to acknowledge every one of them with his own hand. If any of you who read this ever receive an honour, remember that you must try to answer the letters it will bring you in the same way, if it is at all possible, even though it should take you an hour a day for six weeks. An honour to you will be an honour, as well as a joy, to all who love you. Your name will be in people's mouths for a week or two, and your friends will be only too happy to be able to say they wrote to you and got such a nice letter in reply.

If you are very busy, or very old and feeble, when your time of honour comes, you will be advised or tempted to have a form of acknowledgment printed or lithographed. But if you do such a thing, please remember to sign it, or date it, or address it, with your own hand—enough to show that it is really you who are answering it, and not a clerk, or a friend, or a hirling. Sir James Paget the great surgeon said on one occasion, when a young man impudently sent him a lithographed request for a testimonial, "I will not answer him." Lord Bramwell, a famous judge given to very free frank speaking, said once that, as a rule, a lithographed letter was only

a circular which did not call for an answer. And I read lately that when Dr. James MacGregor of Edinburgh had finished his fifty years' ministry, he wrote to a friend who had written him, "It may be a fad, but it is a fact, that I dislike letters of printed thanks for sympathy or congratulations; they find their way at once into the wastepaper basket. And I do not like to give what I do not like to get."

But, further, when you get an honour and have to write letters on the head of it to all your well-wishers, write not only in your own hand, but try to make your letters different. Put a separate bit of yourself into every one of them. It will take you a lot of time and thought, but it is wonderful how the mind answers to the strain that is put on it.

Now all this that I have said may have no bearing on your future lives in some ways—for I question very much if there will be even half-a-dozen of you dukes or duchesses though you should live to be three-score or four-score years and ten. But you can apply the principle of what I have said to your dealings with God. When you read the Bible, or hear a sermon, don't think you are reading a lithographed letter or listening to a "common call" that is meant for no one in particular. Look at it, listen to it carefully, and you will find something in it that is meant to show that God has you *specially*, you specially in His eye and in His heart. And if you don't feel Him touching you, you are just to press through the throng, and stretch out your hand, and you will



get a blessing even before He has time to turn round and say, "Who touched Me?"

God's letters are never lithographed. No two people get the same one.



### "Look at Your Barometer!"

*Watchman, what of the night?*

*Watchman, what of the night?*

*The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night.*

*—Isaiah 21, 11.*

SIR RALPH WILLIAMS, K.C.M.G., late Governor of Newfoundland, tells in his recently published book a story of the great hurricane of 1898 in the Island of Barbados of which he was then the Colonial Secretary. In the old days, when, it seems, hurricanes were of frequent occurrence, houses in the West Indies were provided with hurricane shutters, and hurricane shelters built underground, and the roofs had no eaves or anything that the wind might catch hold of. But as there had now been no hurricane since 1838—there had been storms, great storms, many of them, during those sixty years, but no *hurricane*—the people had grown careless. The iron shutters had been left to rust, and the shelters were simply the abode of centipedes and other hateful vermin.

In the West Indies they have a saying—"June, Too soon; July, Stand by; August, Look out you must; September, Remember; October, All over." September had now come, and everybody had forgotten. But on the 10th, in the afternoon, Sir Ralph's telephone

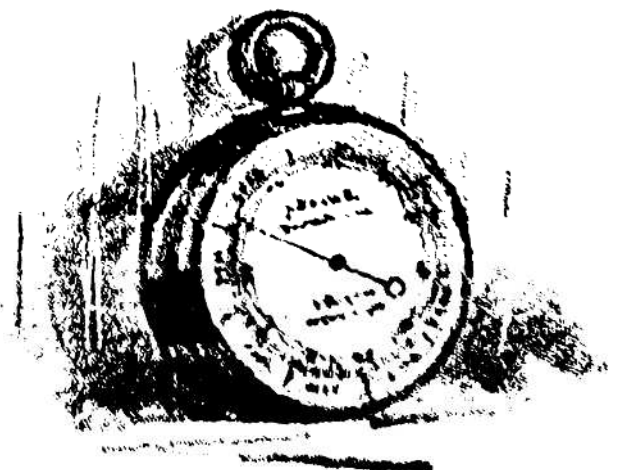
bell rang, and on going to it he heard the Governor, Sir James Hay, speaking. "Have you looked at the Glass?" "No, Sir James." "Then look; I have been in many tropical countries, but I have never seen such a thing before."

"I looked," says Sir Ralph, "and replied that it was abnormally low."

"We are going to have a big hurricane," added the Governor, "I am certain of it, and we had better take steps at once."

To warn a whole community to prepare for a thing that had not happened for sixty years was sure to bring a man into ridicule, but it was all or nothing. So Sir Ralph set the telephone a-going, warned the harbour officials, the citizens, and the outlying ports, and sent mounted police hither and thither with warnings, only to receive in many cases incredulous replies. He tried to get into communication with the captain-superintendent of the Royal Mail, but failed to get him—he was out in the country—till five o'clock.

"Look at your Aneroid!" He did so, and realizing the situation instantly, agreed with the Secretary in all that he had done.



"I got my servants to work," continues Sir Ralph, "dragged out the old hurricane shutters, nailed them in their places, for their fastenings were gone with rust, barricaded the doors and windows, and made the house as black as night with only the exception of the open front door, all the time being fully aware that every one of my servants thought me a fool for my pains. Outside it was still as death, a silence which might almost be heard, and this continued until six o'clock, when, as I was going upstairs, I suddenly heard a shriek of wind. I flew down, rushed to the door, and just got it closed, the bolt shot, and the beam in its place, when a rush of wind hit the house as though it would batter it to the ground. The hurricane was upon us with a vengeance. I had never been in a hurricane before, and have never experienced one since. It is a terrible business. The wind howls and shrieks remorselessly. It seems to tear at you as though longing to get at you to wreck its vengeance. Occasionally, for a few moments, it seems to lull, only to rush at you again with renewed intensity."

The Secretary's house was an old one, built with immensely strong walls, with no eaves, and of course no chimneys; there is indeed only one house in that island with chimneys. But the verandahs were torn to pieces, and they could hear the trees outside cracking all around them. The servants came up to the room where their master was, and huddled together with fear, every-

body wondering when the end would come. And still the glass kept falling, falling. At nine o'clock, hearing a beating at the front door and shouts for help, they opened the door a little space, all hands holding it, and four wretched negroes, who had found their way through the storm and the falling trees, tumbled in utterly exhausted.

The hurricane continued till midnight, and then, its force abating and the glass beginning to rise, they all plucked up heart and, like the soldiers and sailors in Paul's ship, prayed for the day. How in the morning it was found that 50,000 people were homeless and foodless, and ships with their crews and passengers were lost in the very harbour's mouth—these and other results of that one night's tempestuous wind are all recorded in the annals of Barbados and the neighbouring islands.

Let us look at the Barometer ourselves. Some quarters of the heavens are at present very black, and men's hearts are failing them for fear. Watch and pray. Watch and pray. Pray more earnestly; pray with all your might. Seek ye the Lord; seek righteousness, seek meekness: it may be ye shall be hid in the Lord's anger. God Himself will be "a sanctuary for a little while," for as long as the rain descends, and the floods come, and the winds blow. That sanctuary cannot fall; for it is founded on the rock, and that Rock is Christ.

There are many good people in these days praying for one thing, and many praying for the very

opposite—and it is for our sins that we are so divided at the throne of grace—and there are many in perplexity who know not what to pray for. Let us put all our prayers, our prayers for our country, and our prayers for the world, and our prayers for ourselves, let us put them all together in the Mediator's hands, and ask Him to change them

or correct them or reverse them as He sees meet, and so make them fit to be presented to His Father and to our Father with His Own. "Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

### Reasons for not going to Church. 15th Series.—No. 12.

*This man is explaining to his minister why he was not at church last Sabbath. "It is what we call a sympathetic strike. Do you see that newspaper? It is published in the South of England, and it contains a very bitter attack on a resolution passed by a majority of the members of one of our trade-societies in Kent or Cornwall or some place about there, and one of the sub-editors, they say, is either second or third cousin to the two sisters that are married to two of your rich elders, and either that sub-editor must be dismissed from that newspaper or any other newspaper he may join, or both these elders must resign or be deposed before 9 o'clock p.m. on next Wednesday, or else me and three of my mates will never enter a church door again." (I wish there was room in the picture for the minister, that you might see the amazement and amusement on his face.)*

*"Oh yes! it's easy for you to laugh and say that one of the elders is lying very ill, and that the other is at sea south of Cape Horn in the 'roaring forties.' He may be in the roaring fifties for all I care. He's got to resign before 9 p.m. next Wednesday, unless you get that sub-editor dismissed. It's a sympathetic strike, I tell you, and though we are very sorry for you personally, me and my mates have got to see it through!"*





1	M	Abraham was gathered to his people.— <i>Gen. 25, 8</i> . “When Tennyson was on his death-bed, the doctor told him of a villager, 90 years old, who when dying pined so much to see his old bed-ridden wife once more that they carried her to where he lay. He pressed his shrunken hand on hers, and in a husky voice said to her, ‘Come soon.’ My father, with tears in his voice, murmured, ‘True faith.’”— <i>Tennyson’s Life</i> .
2	TU	Make friends that they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles.— <i>Luke 16, 9</i> .
3	W	Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again.— <i>John 11, 23</i> .
4	TH	I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.— <i>2 Sam. 12, 23</i> .
5	F	Then shall I know even as also I have been known.— <i>1 Cor. 13, 12</i> .
6	S	And so shall we ever be with the Lord.— <i>1 Thess 4, 17</i> .
7	S	The floods have lifted up their voice.— <i>Psa. 93, 3</i> .
8	M	Who shut up the sea with bars,
9	TU	And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further?— <i>Job 38, 8</i> .
10	W	Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?— <i>Is. 40, 12</i> .
11	TH	Praise the Lord, all deeps; . . . stormy wind, fulfilling His word.— <i>Psa. 148, 7</i> .
12	F	Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.— <i>Matt. 14, 25</i> .
13	S	Peter said, Bid me come. And He said, Come. “Well roars the storm to those who hear A deeper voice across the storm.”— <i>Tennyson</i> .
14	S	When the congregation is to be gathered together, ye shall blow, but ye shall not sound an alarm.— <i>Num. 10, 7</i> . When <i>An Alarm to the Unconverted</i> was published in 1672, four years after the death of its author, Joseph Alleine, a Puritan divine, 20,000 copies were sold, and 50,000 three years later, when it was republished under the title, <i>The Sure Guide to Heaven</i> .
15	M	Blessed is the people that know the joyful (or trumpet) sound.— <i>Psa. 89, 15</i> .
16	TU	Fear not; I bring you good tidings of great joy.— <i>Luke 2, 10</i> .
17	W	Speak ye comfortably.— <i>Is. 40, 2</i> .
18	TH	He shall not strive nor cry.— <i>Matt. 12, 19</i> .
19	F	My speech shall distil as the dew.— <i>Deut. 32, 2</i> .
20	S	And after the fire, a still small voice.— <i>1 Kings 19, 12</i> .
21	S	Is there any word from the Lord?— <i>Jer. 37, 17</i> .
22	M	And Jeremiah said, There is.
23	TU	Written with the finger of God.— <i>Deut. 9, 10</i> . “The Governor of a Colony receives portentous despatches, written in the first person singular from the Secretary of State in London, but the despatch was thought out by a clerk in the office, and the Secretary’s signature was impressed by a rubber stamp bearing his name.”— <i>Sir Ralph Williams, K.C.M.G., late Governor-in-Chief of the Windward Islands</i> .
24	W	My cry came into God’s ears.— <i>Psa. 18, 6</i> .
25	TH	The Lord spake unto Moses face to face.— <i>Ex. 33, 11</i> .
26	F	One Mediator between God and men, Himself man, Christ Jesus.— <i>1 Tim. 2, 5, R.V.</i>
27	S	Sir, we would see Jesus.— <i>John 12, 20</i> .
28	S	Lord, make me to know the measure of my days.— <i>Psa. 39, 4</i> .
29	M	Man is of few days.— <i>Job 14, 1</i> .
30	TU	Are there not twelve hours in the day?— <i>John 11, 9</i> .
31	W	LENGTH OF DAYS FOR EVER AND EVER.— <i>Psa. 21, 4</i> .